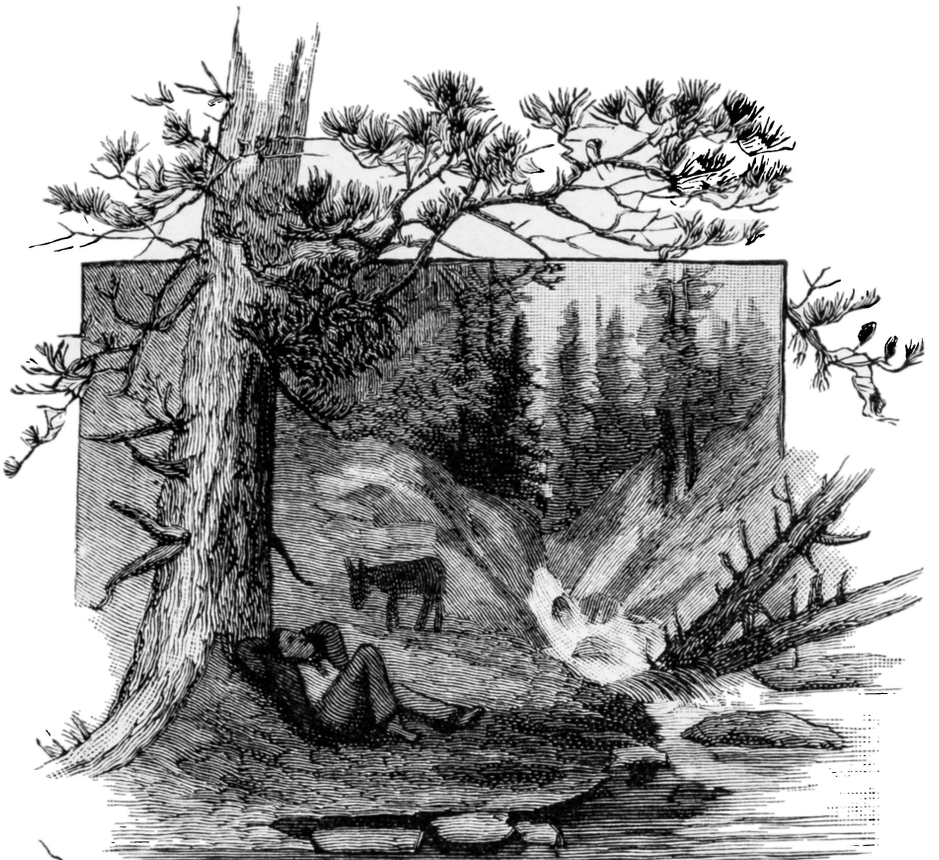
Mountain Trails and Parks in Colorado

C. H. Collins -
from
Fred Fite
March 1890

Bourgeois



He who idles in the Woods one
month in the year will be
blessed. if he but begin in
time, and he who enables his
Servant so to do is
blessed already.

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

AND

PARKS IN COLORADO.

BY

L. B. FRANCE,

(BOURGEOIS)

AUTHOR OF "ROD AND LINE IN COLORADO WATERS."

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METHODS OF TRAVEL.

THE first man in any praiseworthy enterprise generally challenges my regard. Out of chaos he achieves a purpose and makes possible that which had no existence. Without him the world would be a howling wilderness; we'd all be Indians. Even Spencer will admit it. For these reasons I have a lingering respect for Adam. Had I known him better, perhaps I might have loved him and forgiven the effort he made to shirk the responsibility of his error. Pity is akin to love, and I pitied him when Tabari told me he was hungry, annoyed with paralysis in his legs and unable to walk round Eden and hunt up a square meal. He was a bachelor then and hadn't eaten anything since his birth, and he was forty years old. Think of Gabriel saying to him under the circumstances: "O, Adam, don't hurry." I'll wager Gabriel had just got up from the dinner table. That Adam proved a failure is no discredit to him. Had he lived until this time he could have paid five cents on the dollar, gone a-fishing and enjoyed himself with the rest of us.

I met a first man the other day. He was possessed of a blue satin neck-tie with a large Colorado diamond and a comfortable seat in the Georgetown train. He was in conversation with an old gentleman who had never before seen a narrow gauge railroad. The old gentleman was delighted; he admired the cars, they were such a novelty; he admired the engine and thought he could pick it up and walk off with it. The first man laughed with the old gentleman and told him he was the first man who ran a railroad train into Georgetown; he was going there now. But the conductor and the first man had some misunderstanding, and the latter indignantly left the train at Argo, some two miles out. He said it was a "grinding monopoly," and I think he would have left sooner, but he did not see the conductor to tell him until about the time the train stopped. The misunderstanding might, however, have been the relic of an old feud; at least the conductor seemed to know the first man's title and family.

When the first man left I went into the smoker, the old gentleman followed, and expressed astonishment to a party there that such a mite of an engine could pull so long a train. The party smiled; it was nothing; he had taken a longer train to Georgetown — he ran the first train into Georgetown and there were two more cars. The old gentleman told him he was mistaken; that the

first man who ran a train into Georgtown had just left; he became eloquent in his defense of the absent one, and he and the party began to compliment each other warmly. Just about the time the debate grew interesting, the train stopped; the conductor and a brakeman came along and the second first man said he had reached his ranch and would get off. The train went on for a mile and stopped again. Everybody looks out of the windows when a train stops. Very much to my surprise the second first man and one of the brakemen were having an interview near the rear platform. I supposed the second first man a mile away admiring his stand of alfalfa and thinking of cutting his second crop. But here he was, rising from a large bed of cactus, swearing and shaking his fist at the brakeman. Everybody seemed to be laughing except the second first man. The old gentleman would have tumbled out had not a fellow passenger seized and pulled him in, very red in the face.

When the conductor came round again the old gentleman asked him what the matter was between the old and new employés. He said — nothing, and passed on.

At Golden the train was divided — one part for Georgetown, the other for Central. I went out to the observation car to enjoy the cañon, the cinders and a cigar. When we were fairly under

way, a man came and sat down by me and told me I was a stranger. There was no denying it. Then the man said oppressively that he was a barnacle; he knew all about "the mule," Chimney Gulch, Beaver Brook and every station on the road; he had been planted here as seed and grown up with the country; he had mined, whacked bulls, ranched it awhile and railroaded. "Why, stranger, I run the first train over this road into Georgetown," and he laid his hand kindly on my vest. Just then I saw the conductor coming out of the door of the rear coach. He suddenly seized the bell rope and, looking my way, remarked energetically to a brakeman: "Bill, damned if there ain't another one," and came right down on the third first man, whom he took by the collar and kicked off the train.

It became evident to me that I had not yet seen the man who first ran the train into Georgetown, and I felt myself getting interested in him. I asked the conductor if he knew the man, and he said he didn't, but had heard of him.

I reached Empire Switch in due season and my traps were put off on the platform. The wagon to take us to Peck's was a little behind time, so the boy and I waited. There was a man leaning against the old pine at the station-house; his arms were folded and he was looking severely in the direction of Georgetown. I happened to be be-

tween him and that elevated metropolis and he caught my eye. When he did so, he smiled; it was a smile of mingled satisfaction and bitterness and illuminated the man's nose, which reminded me — the nose I mean — of a blood beet with an army of fibers. The man addressed me while the smile lingered:

"Stranger, I'm glad you renounced that grinding monopoly," and he waved his clenched hand at the train disappearing round the curve. "They can't have a dollar of my money, bet-yer-life!" and he abandoned the tree to its own resources. "I've worked and slaved for it early and late; my life-blood's in them ties and them rails, and the sweat of my brow in them engines; I'm done with it and all like 'em. Look at me, stranger; do I look like — "

The man was visibly swelling, and I interrupted and hastened to assure him I had nothing to do with the railroad, nor did I have any interest in the grinding monopoly, and would not if I could; that if I owned a monopoly I'd break it up and give everybody a piece. Then he wanted to fall on my neck, but changed his mind and offered to shake hands. Having had the small-pox some years before, I accepted his courtesy.

"No, stranger, I know you hain't no use for monopolies, but look at me; see what I am; do I look like a man that ever run a train? yet I come

here with that infernal monopoly; now look at me! Why, stranger, I run the first — "

But I didn't allow him to finish; I took both his hands and concluded for him; told him how I had sighed for him; that I intended to erect a monument or a bronze statue in his honor; besought him to meet me at Troublesome, where clay was abundant, and where there was a mountain of gypsum; there he could be molded and cast. He wanted to know where Troublesome was, and I told him, sixty miles on the other side of the Range. I exacted the promise from him and wrung his hands with fervor, as I saw the old Scotchman coming down the road with the wagon.

The first man started away regretfully, then came back with a broken pick and the remains of a long-handled shovel on his shoulder. He tapped his forehead with his finger, as if trying to summon something from the depths; he seemed to find it:

"I say, stranger, I've been prospectin' round here a bit, and think mebby I've struck it — you haven't got a stray quarter about your person? "

"No, I haven't; not a stray."

The last I saw of the first man he was shuffling down the road, and had stopped a moment to scratch his back against a tree. The boy seriously inquired of me if I intended, "honest, to build a

monument for that old tramp." And this leads me to say that:

A wholesome, muscular, bold-faced lie excites astonishment, if nothing else. When a healthy, well-developed lie is presented, one has to be guarded lest astonishment give way to admiration for the magnificent audacity of the liar and his invention. Ordinarily, one would conclude that away from civilization everything would be true to nature; but that's a mistake. Even in the wilderness lies are to be encountered that are absolutely bewildering in grandeur; large, like the surroundings — mountainous. I met one this trip from Empire to Hot Sulphur Springs; it was a lie forty-two miles long — the most exalted on record. It meanders over the road every day in the week — one day going east, the next west. I traveled with it twenty miles, became exhausted and stopped at Billy Cozzens'; to have continued the other twenty-two miles to the Springs would have deprived the commonwealth of a good citizen — "that's me." One other, an able-bodied Methodist minister, remained with the exaggeration six miles further; the grace in his heart and the hope peculiar to his training carrying him that far. Other eight became too weak to stop, and, I understood, made the forty-two miles; they, however, were not disseminators of truth.

The Georgetown and Hot Sulphur Springs Ex-

press is suggestive — in name. The innocent tourist pictures in his imagination a magnificent Concord coach, painted red, with yellow running-gear decked out with black stripes; substantial thoroughbraces and a peculiar "chuck" to the boxes, as the four or six in hand roll it along at a twelve-mile gait; the driver, with the lines in one hand, touching up the flank of the off leader with the silk, to show how easy and safe it is for himself and his passengers. On and up the steep pitches of the long hill at a brisk walk, and sweeping around the big bend for a three-mile trot to the summit of Berthoud Pass. Then down the western slope at a gallop, the head of the Park is soon reached, and the glimpses of the grand scenery, the rocks and the wild flowers linger only in his memory as do the pictures in a fairy tale that delighted him in the long ago. He tumbles out at the door as the panting beasts are brought up with a sudden check and final jingle of the harness, looks round in bewildered ecstasy, wants to pull off his hat, thank the driver and hurrah, and is restrained only by the stolidity of that august individual, to whom the trip is a commonplace experience; they afford a contrast as emblems of pleasure and work. But my express possesses other attributes.

Some twenty odd years since, while crossing the plains, I noticed at Julesburg a calamity never dignified by a title; it was supposed to be some sort

of vehicle; it had four wheels and certain other marks denoting that it might have been intended as a conveyance, invented, perhaps, by some benighted genius about the time of Adam, or before; it was neither coach nor jerkey, mud-wagon nor cart, but a nondescript of the complex gender; it might have been used by the Overland Stage Company as a miniature construction train or a hearse — though hearses were then a luxury — a stable or a harrow. I never saw anything like it before and hoped I never would again.

But the boy and I stood on the porch at Peck's awaiting the coach. Looking down the road toward the town I saw coming over the hill the ears of a pair of horses, then the horses, followed by a couple of phantoms, then the remains of my Julesburg nightmare, with Frank on the box, if it could be called a box. The machine trailed up to the tavern. I had given Old Time credit for unlimited capability as a builder of curiosities, as well as a wrecker. But I felt that I owed him so much that I was bankrupt as I looked at the weather-stained, battered wreck of decayed timber, rotten canvas and tortuous wheels. The reach was a net work of old bale wire; the wheels were wrapped with it; the doubletree and the lead bars, and every other place where wood or bolt should have been, were supplied with bale wire; there were eleven persons and a gunny sack of bale wire loosely in posses-

sion. I asked Frank what it was, and he said "the coach." Thinking he had misunderstood my inquiry, I made him comprehend, by signs, that I referred to the misfortune upon which he was seated; he repeated, "the coach," while Momus might have studied his face to advantage. Then I asked him where he was going with it, and he replied, confidently, "to the Springs." I have great faith in his ability in some respects, and that he'd find a way to move the Capitol from Washington and set it down in safety in Middle Park, if he would but undertake the task. He thought if the bale wire and the leaders would hold out he could "make it." I asked him why he didn't tie the phantoms behind, and he said the leaders would pull them along better as wheelers; they'd have the tongue to lean against, and as that was well wrapped with the bale wire he thought it wouldn't break. I wondered if he expected me to go with him, and he said he did. Where was I to sit? On top, with him. As I am always partial to the top I climbed up, threw my overcoat over a tangled mass of bale wire, in what he called the front boot, and put my feet on it as a precaution, then I took the boy between my knees.

From my perch I had a good view of the leaders and inquired of Frank where he got them; he said they were borrowed for the occasion; the phantoms were part of the "regular stock of the line." The

phantoms were a curiosity to be standing; I had seen numbers of them out on the plains after they had served as a month's bait for the genial coyote. How did he keep them on their feet? With bale wire, of course; just tied their heads together; as both were not liable to stumble at the same time, he tied them and took the chances. How did they manage to move? He didn't know. What were they fed on? He said —— nothing. Thinking he might be growing impatient at my curiosity I desisted.

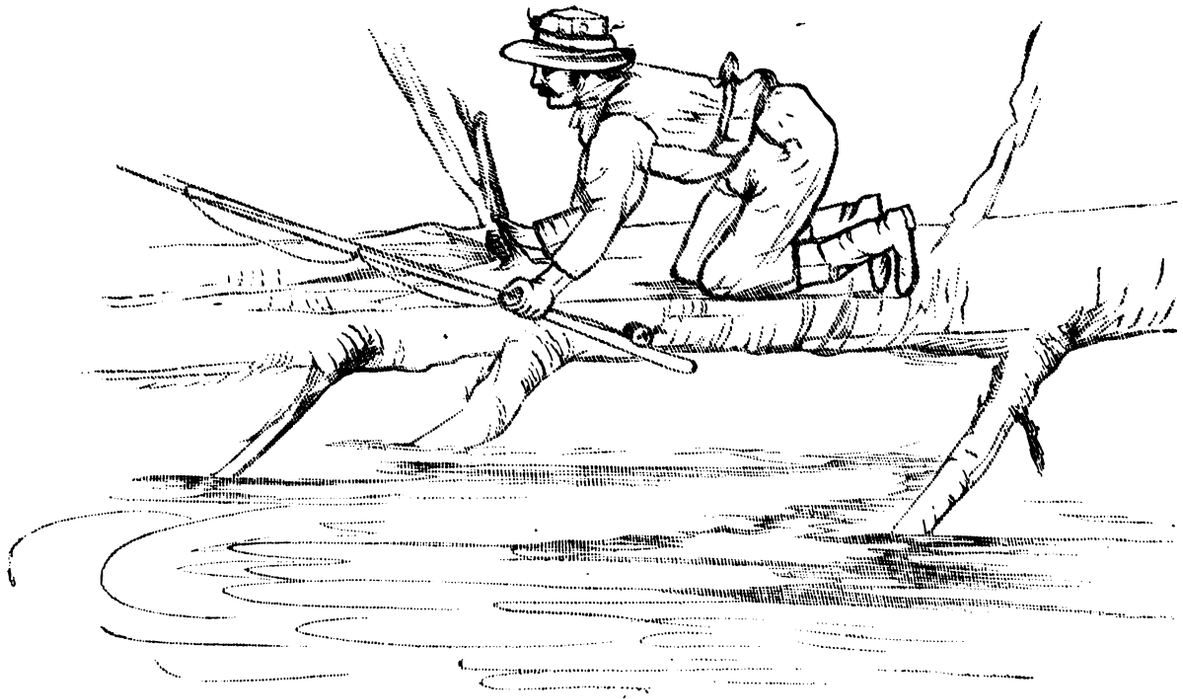
Seizing with one hand a bunch of bale wire that had been twisted into the remains of the seat guard, I held on to the boy with the other. Frank touched up the leaders; there came a twisting of something beneath me, a motion that might have been born of a cross between the walk of a dromedary and the trot of an elephant. This was followed by a screeching of bale wire, and we moved off under the cheerful congratulations of the assembled guests at the Peck House.

The first toll-gate was distant a quarter of a mile, and we reached it in the course of time. Frank stopped the leaders and got out some bale wire with which to renew the king-bolt. About a mile further on he remedied the neck-yoke, and took an extra twist around the whiffletrees and the reach. At the end of another mile we heard something give away behind, and discovered that the

so-called hind boot had broken down under the weight of a grip-sack. The grip was placed upon the lap of its owner in the middle seat and we proceeded hilariously dragging the remains of the boot.

Some time between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, having left Empire at nine that morning, we reached the foot of the Range. We stopped to give the leaders a rest, renew the traces — yes, with bale wire, of course — and allow the passengers an opportunity to earn the worth of their fares, which they cheerfully accomplished, by walking in the rain four miles to the summit. Arrived there, the baggage was transferred to some freight wagons, fortunately at hand, the brakes were overhauled and well wired, then the Nameless meandered down to High Bridge to the music of bale wire. Frank kept the leaders out of the way and held up the phantoms with the lines. At High Bridge he changed the leaders to the wheel and put two others of "the regular stock of the line" in the lead. I inquired the use of the new leaders and learned that they were not necessary, but that the next station afforded an acre of pasture, over which half a dozen head of the stock reveled when not otherwise earning their feed. It was an act of charity the Recording Angel did not, I am sure, overlook.

Arrived at Cozzens', I was helped down, with



the conviction in my mind that twenty miles of a forty-two mile lie was as much as I could carry round the remainder of my days with comfort. After supper, of which milk, old fashioned cow's milk, coffee with cream in it — yes cream; biscuit with cream in *them*,— may-be you think the express affects me, but honestly, cream in them and butter on them — and fresh trout, constituted the principal temptations, I retired in meditation and thankfulness. The other guests cheered on its way the elaborate combination of decayed wood and bale wire, with its ghosts of departed equines — the jewels, so to speak — of the Georgetown and Hot Sulphur Springs Express. I would have been glad to cheer, but I lacked strength, not gall.

But what of the trouting? you inquire. It is good, as several genial members of the guild bear witness by the well-filled creels brought in, while I am waiting conveyance to the Grand and which Frank has promised to send me. The Frazer, Ranch Creek and half a dozen other streams easy of access surrender their treasures bountifully. I, however, am anxious to get further on, possessed of the usual hope of something better out of sight, and prefer to spend a day in pleasant idleness, enjoying a limited view of the Range, and the lights and shadows and drifting clouds hovering about the summits of James' Peak and the Pasha With Three Tails. In anticipation of the good time to

come, I even decline the offer of waders, rod and line, tendered with the cordiality known only among the members of the craft. And then, when the evening comes and with it the trophies, and the recounting of the day's experiences round the welcome fire, there comes also a regret that I had not accepted the offer and "gone along."

The next morning I look out to learn what kind of a day is promised, and see a sleek team and light wagon standing under the shed. I feel they are awaiting my convenience and am assured of it on going down to breakfast. The anticipated pleasure of the ride helps to dull the regret at parting from congenial spirits, who send after me cheery wishes for "a good time" as I start across the valley of the Frazer. The sun shines bright; the air is fresh and so sweet that I grudge losing a breath of it, and tell the driver what I think of it as a tonic for invalids shut up in hot cities. He wishes they could all be gathered here to share it; there is plenty for all, and to spare. It is a kindly wish and paves the way at once to friendly intercourse. I find that he manages his team as only an expert can, and learn that four and six in hand has been his business, and that stage-drivers are not devoid of sentiment, at least while off the box.

Before leaving the valley to climb the pine-covered hill we see "the pasture," set apart for the express stock. Fenced in, in a land where fences

are a rarity, I notice two or three of the phantoms with their chins resting on the top rail pensively contemplating the succulent grass outside. I wonder why the inclosure is called a pasture, and then remember that things and places are named according to rule. There is, however, an exception in this vicinity, a partial one at least. It is just on the other side of the spur we are climbing, and is called Crooked Creek. From the west slope of the hill a fine view is obtained of Crooked Creek. The valley through which it runs is sufficiently wide for a much broader stream, but the bed takes up the valley; it is crooked with an incomprehensible perversity, absolutely without reason; it is not over half a dozen feet wide, but if one undertook to jump or wade it, he would be in the water just the same; it would be impossible to bridge it except lengthwise. The man who named the creek tried, no doubt, to be honest, but succeeded half way only; it doubles and seems to climb over itself in such a way that you are treated to the apparent novelty of water running up and down hill; you have half a mile of valley to seventy-five miles of creek; there are trout in it, but they navigate the water after the manner of the eel; if they undertook to dart round in the natural way, they would knock their brains out against the banks, or be out of their element half the time. I like to fish in it; you can stand in one

place and imagine you are casting your fly into half a dozen different streams. It has only one straight place and that is where the road crosses. Some engineer achieved this by damming the creek and blasting out a few dozen curves. I always feel thankful, when I cross, that I was not in the neighborhood while the engineer was engaged at it. It is unnecessary to inquire who he was or whether he had a Christian mother and consequent religious training; the influence of a regiment of mothers combined in one engineer would not have accomplished that ford; the proverbial experience with the army mule must have been something like an orderly camp meeting in comparison to what took place during the progress of the work.

After getting out of the thin mist that yet lingers about the crossing and reaching higher ground, I begin to find that certain familiar meadow-like places heretofore unoccupied give token of habitation, and there is less evidence of the wilderness. But the lower hills arrayed in their summer garments and the grand peaks with their usual drifts of snow send out greeting of their immutable beauty. Always the same, yet under the sun's rays, their lights and shadows ever changing, they are incapable of monotony; even a drifting cloud may break the outline and give you a picture altogether new.

But the noon-tide is creeping upon us, as we

leisurely reach the Aspen Divide, and looking down into the valley, catch a glimpse of the Grand. Past the rugged lava cliffs it winds silently on through two miles of meadow to hide itself in the cañon that seems a mere hand-width rift at the base of Mount Bross. The sun comes down hot, but it is not an uncomfortable heat; the air is pure as the mountain rills, and the summer rays breed no disease in it; for any, save the absolutely dead, it has elements of vitality,—the dead dry up. Crooked Creek, the engineer and the Express are all forgotten. Old White Face presents his ponderous and craggy front to welcome me, but I pass him by, feeling I can assume him at my leisure with all his surroundings, while rods and tackle and the glittering sides of struggling trout take the ascendant.

THE PROFESSOR.

THE Doctor, the boy and I wander up the hill below the Springs, with the cold spring in the little glade just inside the cañon's mouth as our objective point. Arrived at the summit we stop to take breath, and after we fill our lungs I tell the Doctor something he knew: how easily the natives of these hills move with the impediment of light air. I stood in the same place once, looking down into the valley, when a Ute turned the corner of the bath-house, nearly two hundred yards below me. He spread out his arms with a clutch on each side of his blanket, drew them together again folded across his breast and paused there, statue-like, looking up toward me. Suddenly he slipped his blanket to one arm and started on the run, leaped the fence that separated the bath-house grounds from the road, gave a whoop, and on up the steep he came, bounding with steps as agile as those of some four-footed, yet no wilder buck. He seemed to touch the ground with his moccasined feet as though they were winged, and while I might fairly count one hundred paused in

front of me with a smile upon his face to greet mine. One long inspiration was all he asked, this copper-hued Apollo, as he stood there bared to the waist, and waving his right arm as if to take in the horizon, brought his hand toward his mouth with the remark, "Heap good." I said "heap good," also, wondering what chance I would have with a thousand yards start and he desiring a scalp. It generally takes me ten minutes to walk up that hill, with a pause every few rods, and when I get to the top I want to lie down.

Reaching the spring, the boy of course gets down on his hands and knees and pokes his face into the cool nectar, then takes it out with a diamond quivering on his chubby nose to set off the roses in his cheeks. The Doctor and I prefer the old fruit can perched on the dead branch of an adjacent willow. I imagine the water might have a better taste out of crystal, thin rimmed and clear, with the sound of a bell. But this is a sentiment merely; a well-cleaned gourd is my weakness, when it hangs at a willow-hid spring.

The boy declares war upon a little garter-snake. How long the antipathy lingers! I used to think it the result of education, until I saw a town-bred baby once pick up a striped snake and lispingly inquire of me if it were not "a pitty twing." The horror of the blue eyes, and the hysteric laugh in reply to mine as he shook off the writh-

ing reptile, made me think the abhorrence might be natural. While the boy pursues the representative of the first enemy the attention of the Doctor and myself is attracted to another figure coming down the trail — a man with a gun on his shoulder. He looks seven feet high. It is the Professor, a friend of the Doctor.

The Doctor suggested that we invite the Professor to make one of our party to the Yampa. I asked if he thought the Professor, who was a stranger to me, would be a good companion in camp? The Doctor said he was a very well-informed man, a very cheerful man, not loquacious, obliging and a good cook. Being possessed of these essentials to happiness — a combination of qualities purely ideal with me — I thought we could not get on without him. I wondered how I had imagined that the slightest enjoyment had ever entered into any former outing; now, without this paragon, this hitherto possibility, merely, our trip would be a failure. But I consoled myself with the reflection that "he that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen, let him not know it and he's not robbed at all." Before knowing the Professor I had imagined life worth living. What was it to be now!

The Professor was a wrinkled little man, with little round eyes and a big nose. I had always entertained a reverence for a big nose; had always

understood that a man with a big nose must necessarily be incapable of anything small. With the Doctor's preface heralding the Professor's virtues, I was prepared, of course, for this index of greatness. The Professor, when the invitation was extended, expressed a willingness amounting to anxiety to go; but he had doubts as to his being able to get away "just at this time." He had important affairs to look after, connected with a new method of curing rabbit skins. The rodents were plenty and the period was a crisis with him; his customary diet had been pone and bacon, but now he had a prospect of more diversified nourishment, and besides, of a competency; in fact, more: ease, perhaps luxury; he had his hand upon it, so to speak. It was suggested that the rabbits would probably not diminish during his absence with us. The intimation touched him favorably, and he said he would "see about it." If it did not rain in the morning he might make up his mind to relieve us. I reminded him that the rainy season was over, but he said he had dreamed about toads the night before, and besides, the moon promised falling weather; he affirmed this with the air of one conscious of his intimate relations with the planet in question, and I was concluded.

Being anxious to find a man of my acquaintance named Jones — Henry Jones — I inquired of the Professor if he knew such an one living in the vi-

cinity. He said he didn't know Henry, but proceeded to name over all the Joneses of whom he had any recollection, as if in hope of producing a common friend. Failing in this, he seemed pained, and finally insisted that I must have known Pochen Jones, whose father had worked at the fulling business in some remote New England village.

"Why, of course, you *must* have known Pochen," insisted the Professor, "everybody knew *him;* he was a little the nearest man I ever met and one of the laziest, but sociable and kind of home-like. I have known him to hitch up his old clay-bank mare and drive ten miles to borrow half a dozen nails; but he always returned what he borrowed. He generally managed to drop in about dinner time, either going somewhere, or to borrow, or bring back something; sometimes he was alone, but most generally he had the whole family — wife and two boys; they seemed to enjoy riding well's Pochen. Of course, certainly you must have *heard* of him, anyway; we all knew him; he had the name of being tight as the bark on a gum log, and I guess he was. Why, once when his wife was sick, a neighbor came in and mixed her up a dose of crab-orchard; it was bitter, of course, and she didn't drink more'n half of it. Pochen he happened in and saw it there in the tumbler and asked what it was; they told him it was salts, and that

his wife couldn't drink it all; he 'lowed it was a pity to waste it, and up and swallowed the balance. So, you never heard of Pochen? Well, I vow — I thought everybody knew *him*," he concluded abstractedly.

There was no mistaking the Professor's regret, and I felt moved to lighten his burden by admitting that, since he had told me, I had a faint recollection of hearing at some time, from some one, something about Pochen.

"Of course, of course you have — I knew you must; everybody knew Pochen," exclaimed the Professor, so much relieved it made me happy to look at him.

For lack of something better to keep up my end, I inquired of the Professor if he had ever dined with Pochen. The first and only laugh I ever knew the Professor to indulge in, came as the first response to my inquiry. It frightened me; he seemed to rattle inside and out, and between gasps I heard him repeating my question to himself,— "Dine with Pochen?" Finally he looked up with a countenance bright as a new wooden weather-vane, gathered in sufficient mountain air and said:

"I knew Pochen going on five years, and he never dined at home — it was'nt his habit."

Pochen, it seemed, never got further west than Indiana, where he escaped the ague, being "too lazy to shake," and eventually died of cucumbers

(a donation from a philanthropic neighbor) which he had tried to save. Having buried this member of the Jones family, the Professor was about to express further his gratification at having unearthed one known to us both, but his purpose was suddenly arrested at sight of another cottontail, and he went for it at once.

The boy, during the recital of the obsequies, had put in a triumphant appearance with the mutilated remains of the garter-snake, and wanted to know if the Professor was not to make one of our party. I told him it was doubtful; whereupon I was informed that he *must* go; that he knew "just lots o' things," and could "tie a daisy fly," withal. I was constrained to say I would use my best endeavors to prevail on the Professor, and just then detected a smile on the Doctor's countenance. Discipline must be preserved in the mountains as well as at home, and by the time I had concluded informing the boy that the "daisy fly" was new to me and not in the Orvis-Cheney collection, the Professor returned with the rabbit. Having skinned the animal and stretched the pelt, he wanted to take my pet bamboo in his hand. I surrendered it as I would have given up the boy at three weeks to a strange nurse, and wanted to stand by, ready to relieve him at the first exhibition of awkwardness. But the Professor handled and looked it over as though he had been born and

brought up fraternally with that identical rod; then he wanted to try a cast with it. Less apprehensive than at his first attentions, I consented.

While the Doctor and I sat on a boulder near by, the Professor stepped to within a couple of yards of the stream and sent his name-sake out, some twenty feet. As the swift current bore away the fly on its bosom, he reeled off quite as much more line. The desired length reached, he, facing down stream, suddenly raised the rod and at the same time turned to face squarely the opposite bank, retrieved his fly, and sent it out over the riffle into the quieter water of the pool beyond. I watched the line leave its curvature and straighten out,— the forward sweep of the rod and sudden stop I cannot command,— as though he were about to retrieve but changed his mind, and the fly seemed to settle down as if it had skipped from the opposite shore to moisten its toes. Before I had time to think I should not be guilty of envy, there was a splash just where the fly alighted, and the Professor was unexpectedly struggling with a beautiful trout.

With the same spirit that doubtless, at the first intimation of a dog-fight, prompts the bibulous frontiersman to drop his noon-tide "appetizer" untasted and rush into the village street, the Doctor and I rose to our feet. The pioneer loves his stimulant, so did I my rod; as he forgets his whisky

with the prospect of metal more attractive, so did I the rod. There were no hidden rocks nor bushes to interfere while the Professor quietly played his capture to his heart's content and our admiration. He finally drew him out and laid him on the grass; another like him would make three pounds, and enough for supper. But to get the second one we must go further down the cañon. The Professor praised the rod as though it had been the only element of his success, and seemed reluctant to resign it to me; for this I attached no blame to him.

The Professor then discoursed upon fishing and flies: "There is a heap of humbug about this fly business," said he. "Some want dark flies on bright days and bright flies for dark days; they want flies like those the trout are feeding on, and there is no end to it. I have about made up my mind to this: In new waters a trout will take anything you have to offer, and becomes dainty only as he grows wary. It's about the same thing with a fish as with a man; when you are hungry, pone and bacon taste as good as quail on toast when you are not. When the trout are shy, as they are about here, I use anything they'll take — flies, grasshoppers or minnows, trout eyes or fins — they have to be consulted, not only as to what you offer them, but the way in which you do it."

"There is more in that last, Professor, than in the bait," declared the Doctor.

"Of course, certainly, there must be *something* in that; it stands to reason; pone and bacon always seem to taste good from a clean plate and table cloth; you wouldn't enjoy it if it were flung at you with a war-whoop for sauce; of course not — just so with the trout. But there is a good deal in the bait, too. I've tried a little of everything; sometimes, you know, a trout will not take anything; trout get lazy or sleepy and are not always hungry; a man has the same kind of spells. When they are that way — sort of spring fever like — they want to be let alone; you can't cajole 'em nor drive 'em to any good. I've got no use for a man who can't spend a day on the river without a rise and come home whistling. He has no need to feel ashamed of himself, if he hasn't got mad and gone to swearin' about his bad luck. It's not luck nor the lack of it; it's want of knowledge on the part of the man or hunger on the part of the fish."

"Then we are to understand, Professor, that you have no favorite lure?"

"Not that exactly — my favorite is the trout's. But I've known 'em to take a gray hackle with a red body in these waters, when nothing else except bait would tempt 'em; the coachman seems about as good. Don't make the mistake of laying all the blame on the flies or on yourself; give the fish a little credit. I'll tell you: one day I saw a trout in a pool by himself; he didn't see me; I dropped a gray

hackle just over him, he came up and looked at it and then went back; the pool was about four feet deep and this fellow lay there about a foot from the bottom; all the sign of life I could see in him was the slightest movement of his pectoral fins; he came up and went back as if he were tired; by actual count I tried twelve different flies and he wouldn't budge; I put on the gray hackle again and he came up and looked at it as before. I had caught that morning one trout with a gray hackle. I put on a snelled hook and stuck an eye of the dead trout on it and let it sink down to within a foot of his live brother's head. He sculled up to it like goin' to a funeral; he poked his nose against it and I thought he was goin' back to bed again, as he kind o' opened his mouth to yawn; I let the eye down a little and when he got through gaping I took him out. I didn't fish any more that day; it wasn't any use."

Just here another cotton-tail diverted the Professor's attention, and the Doctor and I went after the other trout for supper. The boy, being allowed to consult his own pleasure, went after the Professor, having first marked down the garter-snake that he might ascertain the amount of vitality in its tail at sunset.

The following morning the sun came up over the Range without even a token of mist to moisten his face. The Professor, nevertheless, was still

troubled with doubts. Added to the promise to him by the moon, was a threatening of rheumatism; he felt "in his bones" that it was going to rain. Certainly the moon, the dream, and his barometrical anatomy "could not all go back on" him. He had had another dream, and found difficulty in reconciling it with the prevailing signs. He dreamed he was sitting on the log trestle at the bath-house, and on attempting to rise found himself stuck fast; the trestle was covered with tar. "Now," said the Professor, "that is a sure sign you're going to some distant place and that you will be detained there; if it rained I would not go. I have all the signs of rain, and yet the sign that I am going away — I can't cipher it out."

The Doctor intimated that "all signs fail in a dry season," and that he did not place great reliance on such superstitions. Whereupon the Professor, with more animation than he had yet exhibited, broke out:

"Superstition, is it! Well, maybe it is. I haven't any use for a man who says he's without it. I'm not ashamed of it by that name. You, I suppose, never looked at the new moon over your right shoulder, did you? Of course not!"

The Doctor confessed that he didn't remember, but that if he ever saw the new moon over his right shoulder, it was by accident.

"Of course it was by accident," exclaimed the

Professor. "If you went looking round for it, that broke the charm — you know that."

"You bet," chimed in the boy in support of the Professor; whereupon I deemed it my duty to interfere and lead that young man away to a discussion of sundry appropriate subjects, leaving my friends to work out their problem without his assistance.

Seated under my old pine with the boy, secure from interruption, I was about to begin when he sought to divert my intention by reminding me of a promise I had made him some time before.

"You said you would tell me about the President of the Hot Sulphur Springs."

"The 'presiding genius' — not the president."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"Not much perhaps — but I want to talk to you about something else." I got as far as: "It is not proper for a little boy," when I discovered his mind was intent on exciting hostilities between a red and a black ant, unexpectedly in each other's vicinity.

"Will you let those ants alone and listen to me?"

"Yes, sir — but I just want to see 'em fight — you said they would."

"You do not wish to listen, then?"

He looked up to ascertain my exact state of mind, and while he said he was listening, his eyes

gave me to understand that he knew what I was about to say, and wished I wouldn't.

* * * * * * * * *

"A long time ago — "

"That's not the way to begin."

"How shall I begin?"

"Once upon a time — "

"Once upon a time, many years ago, long before the white man had set foot on this continent, the Utes owned all these mountains, and these springs were their summer resort — "

"A sort of Manitou?"

"Yes, that's the spirit of it — or Saratoga, or Cape May — "

"I know — go on."

"The springs were cold at that time, like the one down in the mouth of the cañon. The Indians used to gather here with their summer wardrobes — "

"What kind are they?"

"If you do not quit interrupting me I'll not be able to get this story off my hands before night. The Indians used to gather here in great numbers — "

"Yes, I know — thick as the leaves of the forest or the sands on the sea-shore — go on."

"Yes, and they had a number of chiefs, but the oldest and most influential was one named Tuck-a-back-seat-o; he owned more horses and tepees

and squaws than any ten men in the tribe. But he had a great love for his people, as though they were all his own children. He was a—"

"Sort of Father of his Country; I know—go on."

"He was a noble looking savage—tall and straight as an arrow, and his hair was—"

"White with the snows of many winters—I know—go on."

"Yes, and he was eloquent in council, and had been terrible in war and swift in the chase; his tepee—"

"Was hung round with the scalps of his foes and the trophies of the hunt—I know. But who did they have to fight with? You said they owned all these mountains!"

"Well, the small-pox broke out among them and almost exterminated the tribe; then some friendly Arapahoes came in from the plains to make life pleasant, and they brought the rheumatism—"

"Rheumatism's not catching, is it?"

"I cannot go on with the story if you interrupt so much—"

"Anyhow, I'd like to know about the scalps."

"Perhaps he took them from the Arapahoes—"

"But you said the Arapahoes were friendly!"

"Then, perhaps, he made them. But after the small-pox had got through with them and the

rheumatism had taken hold, they were a badly crippled nation. About this time the Arapahoes and some other tribes came in on another friendly visit; and one night, after an election, they all had a ball up at Grand Lake. One of the Ute belles became jealous of an Arapahoe young lady and that brought about a quarrel between their lovers. The quarrel resulted in a duel at twenty paces with Colt's revolvers; the Arapahoe was killed, then his friends smashed the piano and war was declared. After fighting some time, the Utes got the worst of it, but had no chance to run away, so they hastily constructed some rafts and went out on the lake. A storm came up, the rafts were swamped and the bucks, squaws and papooses were all drowned; this is the reason the Utes will not go near Grand Lake; they think it an unhealthy neighborhood. It was after this disaster that the great Ute chief exhibited his love for his tribe. The rheumatism made life a burden to those left by the small-pox and the Arapahoes. You see that Mount Bross is a tremendous mountain, but entirely destitute of timber, except at the top, and, in fact, that there is but little timber in this vicinity?"

"Yes, but you go so fast — when was that fight at Grand Lake?"

"Oh, thousands of years ago, of course. But the old chief cut down the trees, all of them —

except on the hill overlooking the cañon — he wanted to leave a few,— and carried all the timber round somewhere near the back of Old White Face and corded it up. After he had got the wood ready he went one afternoon and stood where that green spot is that you say looks like a man, and the sun cast his shadow there. The whole tribe was gathered just below in the valley; he divided the remnant of his worldly effects among them, not even taking a horse, told them to bathe the cripples in the springs, kissed his hand to them and backed into the mountain, leaving that figure, as you see it; that's his photograph. The Indians were troubled about the old chief's admonition concerning the bathing; they never bathe if they can help it, and the water was so cold it gave them the tooth ache. But that night all the wood he had cut and corded up at the back of White Face disappeared; the next day the Springs were hot and have been hot ever since, and the old chief lives in there to keep up the fire, so that his children may have a specific for rheumatism."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is the legend of the Hot Sulphur Springs, and that photograph — How do you like it?"

"You went so fast I'm all mixed up — where did they get revolvers and the pi —"

"Little boy, such questions would ruin the best legend ever handed down to us."

"Who handed this down to you?"

"Cup-pi-us."

"Who is he?"

"A good Ute chief."

"Where is he?"

"Dead."

BRECKENRIDGE AND BISMARCK.

DESPITE the forebodings of the Professor the sun came up clear on another day. Indeed it was one of the mornings when the Park, in so far as weather was concerned, seemed to realize Paradise. I speak, of course, from experience — in meteorology, I mean. The cloudless azure reaching down to the snow-capped peaks gave promise of an entire day of sunshine. There was just the breeze which is the herald of success; that brings conviction to the angler's mind that the pools will have upon the surface the gentle ripple; the breeze that brushes into the water the tempting midges; that is without fangs; in which the delicate flies and slender line find no impediment; which salutes the cheek as pleasantly as the caresses of one we love.

I asked the Doctor if he did not think so. He said he did. The premises being admitted, the conclusion, as a general rule, is in your own hands. All of which is gratifying, especially when you entrap an older head into the admission of a weakness you feared might be your exclusive property.

Where to go, was the next question. The Doctor suggested Williams' Fork, as I thought he would. That stream is another weakness peculiar to us. Could Frank provide us with a couple of horses? The Doctor thought he could. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the only animals available were two ponies: Breckenridge and Bismarck. The high-sounding titles were indicative of greatness; the privilege of riding such distinguished individuals with the liberty of tickling their ribs at our ignoble pleasure was an incentive to arrogance. Haughtiness, however, is not a virtue with us.

A fat animal, in color commonly called "flea-bit," with fore legs straddled as though he were a victim of chronic vertigo and aware of it, a protruding under lip, and ears that are limp; with no hair on his tail worth mentioning; his mane chewed off, his head bowed; his eyes closed in absolute contentment, and Breckenridge stood revealed. Old Wardle's Fat Boy was agile, compared with Breckenridge.

Bismarck was a blue fellow in good condition, who carried his head up, showing the white of his eye with a dash of the devil in it. Having first choice, I told the Doctor I would take the illustrious Kentuckian, but he suggested the German. I told him the German had come into vogue since my youthful days, and now, in my halcyon time, I

did not propose to be led a dance, the enjoyment of which was problematical. The Doctor said he would not buck, but I suggested that his reputation and appearance were in accord, and I'd be —— bucked if I straddled him. Belford had tried it and failed, and I had no use for a man who would not profit by the experience of others. I was assured that our distinguished Representative had never seen Bismarck, and I was obliged to believe it, as faith is said to be lost in sight. I was then given to understand that, as a saddle horse, Bismarck stood unrivaled; there was a slope to his pastern that I, as a judge of horses, must recognize. There was, certainly, a delightful elasticity apparent, as the fetlocks would almost touch the ground and recover upon the least movement of the animal. Being the only man in America, however, ignorant of horseflesh, I insisted that as I was so much heavier than the Doctor it were better that he ride him. The fetlock joints might break down under my weight; his legs about the cannon-bones were very flat and frail-looking, although his forearms and shoulders were muscular and his chest broad. All things considered, I did not wish to risk doing him an injury, and would forego the evident pleasure to myself that a gallop on his back would afford. The Doctor was disappointed. He always insists on my having the cream of everything, compelling me occasion-

ally to strategy to corral the skimmed milk. His looks were eloquent, but I was firm.

Stepping up to Breckenridge I put my foot into the stirrup and swung myself upon his back, my right leg, in the orthodox method, hugging down his off side, until my toe found its place. This took, perhaps, two seconds; then I wished I had waited until next day, or some other time a long way off. In my seat, I was less than five feet from the ground. I felt something swell and rise under me; the five feet lengthened to ten; then, I thought, to twenty. When I came down to the original five my head seemed to be sinking a prospect hole and had got somewhere in the region of my stomach, while my toes, also doing development work, but in the opposite direction, were tunneling my legs. I felt about half an inch high and five feet ten inches in circumference. Being in good condition to roll off, I thought I would; but before I could give the intention shape, I felt the swell again, and the ground was further away than ever; so I changed my mind and held on feebly with my legs, while the Doctor, with a pain in his side, leaned doubled up against the fence.

About the time Breckenridge struck ground again, I dreamed I was standing on my head somewhere on the side of Mount Bross; the Doctor was upside down with the fence on top of him, the Grand was flowing toward its source, and Brecken-

ridge was walking off with his feet in the air. I knew enough to feel a momentary pang of gratification at the Doctor being crushed by the fence, but that was speedily dispelled by his helping me untelescope. When I succeeded, with his assistance, in climbing out of the earth and learned there was not to be any funeral, I felt relieved. I asked the Doctor how long it had taken, and he said not to exceed four seconds. There are occasions when it seems impossible to express how time drags; this was one — I thought it was some time in the afternoon of the following day. Breckenridge stood over by the bath-house asleep again, with his legs wide apart, otherwise I could not have sworn to him. The Doctor drove him out, emphatically struck the toe of his boot into his ribs two or three times, got on his back and I handed up the rod and creel; by this time Breckenridge was asleep again. Having succeeded in getting the Doctor mounted in safety, I strapped my own rod and creel to the pommel of Bismarck's saddle and climbed up without any airs. The Doctor appeared to be acquainted with Breckenridge: he planted his heels in his ribs, cut him two or three times with a raw-hide, yelled, and thus compelled him into a walk after me.

In the course of an hour we reached the Divide, two miles from the Springs, and could look down into one of the many beautiful valleys of the

Grand, this one fifteen miles long, to the big cañon below the mouth of the Muddy. To the left of us, Ute mountain; to the right of that, Elk mountain, towering cone-shaped at the mouth of the Blue; while between and beyond rises Mount Powell, the giant of the Blue River Range, fifty miles away, his towering peaks pillowed against the azure and hugging to his granite bosom his mantle of white. Away in front of us, seventy miles or more, through the soft glow of the summer morning, looms up the smooth-topped Book Range; to the right and near us, Slide mountain, its precipitous gray face bearded with shaggy pines. And down below us, in the silvery band that flashes in the sun-light, we recognize familiar pools and riffles for a dozen miles, where our aspirations lie. How we long to reach them, and what an intolerably tardy brute is that Breckenridge.

The raw-hide in the Doctor's hand sings wickedly through the air, but it alights upon the hide of the imperturbable beast with no more effect than upon a shingle horse. But two gaits has Breckenridge: you know them both. He encourages one, at a pace of two miles an hour, in the dread that life is without end; his pendulous lip flopping back and forth like an overgrown dewlap, and the Doctor fraying the raw-hide on his placid carcass, make me long to own him: I'd make a bon-fire of him to be sure he got his deserts.

In the course of time we reach the Grand, and cross above the mouth of Williams' Fork, then cross the Fork and picket Bismarck in the luscious grass, after removing his saddle and bridle. I inquire of the Doctor why he does not tie Breckenridge, but am informed in a tone of disgust, directed at the amiable creature, that such precaution is altogether superfluous: "he will remain with Bismarck." The Doctor starts up stream with his rod and creel, leaving me the lower end of the Fork, but there is an unexpressed intention on my part to renounce to him untouched the grand pool at its mouth.

It is ten o'clock, and the same gentle breeze that greeted us earlier in the day remains with us yet. I have half a mile to reach the Grand, and I take to the bed of the stream at the head of a riffle. The first cast with a gray hackle on the end of the leader brings a rise and capture; the same result follows the next, and I am assured the weather and I are getting in our work. And so on down, crossing and recrossing, walking along shore and fishing thence the holes too deep to wade, that half mile brings to my basket a good ten pounds of trout — no large ones to brag of, and no fingerlings to make me ashamed.

The river reached, I look back to see if the ponies are all right. Bismarck I do not see; but the Doctor knows a picket pin must be driven abso-

lutely straight; besides Breckenridge is there. The benignant creature stands hard by a clump of willows, and, with his legs wide apart, is placidly dozing.

I myself am happy, and as I unsling my creel, lean my rod in a secure place against the thick willows and lie down in the grateful shade, I feel inclined to think better even of Breckenridge. Perhaps I would, if only one trifling good point occurred to me, and if it were not for a little soreness here and there, and an aggravating stiffness catholic in me.

I look out at the great pool where the Fork empties into the Grand and the temptation is strong within me. The opposite bank is perpendicular and at least fifty feet high; mine is the only approachable side; it is the home of great trout; I know it as well as I see the silvery sheen of the crystal waters. There! See a rise! and back goes his excellency with a plunge that breaks the lines of the little wavelets and sends out widening circles from the death-bed of some unfortunate fly. The temptation augments within me; and will heart of man believe it? I verily put the allurement aside to keep my promise to myself and that the Doctor may have that cream. Yet there is a conviction within me! My creel, as I lift it, is of some weight; were it not for that, I fear the Doctor would have only the skimmed milk.

I take my way to the contemplated riffle below, a hundred yards perhaps. A long gravel bar breaks and divides the swift current in the very center of the river; between my bank, which is five or six feet high, and the bar, the distance is perhaps fifty feet. At the head the water swings round and rushes rapidly till it strikes a deeper bed, and just where the current slows up, at the dip, as it were, of the riffle, I send out the brown-bodied gray hackle. No other fly on the leader, I dare not trust my unskillfulness with what I hope for, yet fear to have double on me. I knew it! The exultation of faith realized rushes up and tingles through every fibre with the sight of the magnificent trout darting with open jaws to his destruction. At the very instant I miss the pink tint of the distended mouth — no sooner, no later; I must feel the electric contact first — "as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love," comes the fatal movement of the wrist. Done on time! who would not be proud of that! Thus done, one realizes some credit due one's self; there is no luck about it; no groping round with fly out of sight, wishing and hoping something may take hold of it. That is what I call "striking" a trout, in my unskilled way; I wish I could do it every time! It was as purely "a strike" as though rod and line had been a lance. My captive realized it *after* me. If the trout could have expressed himself he would

have said he was "struck" first with the fly, then with the hook, then with astonishment, as he made a mad rush for liberty. But I felt confident of success. Just a few yards below me was a foot margin of gravel the water failed to cover. Watching my opportunity I slipped down there from the high bank, and when my captive was sufficiently exhausted I drew him to it, ran my thumb into his mouth, lifted him out with hardly a struggle, and laid him safe on the grass above. He weighed fully two pounds, and was of the lighter color that inhabit our streams, and more gamy than his dark, salmon-tinted congener.

Having relieved him of the hook, I went back to the head of the bar. Again I was rewarded and went through the same experience with his mate, until the time came, as I thought, to try the beaching process. I confess I felt a little nervous at having a pair of such trophies, and that, no doubt, led me to disaster. I had drawn his head to the shallow, and was in the act of reaching out my left hand for the line, when, with a strength I would have sworn he did not possess, he gave a sudden plunge; I made a false move, with my finger on the line, lifting instead of giving way, and quicker than I can pen it, snap went the tip close to the ferrule, and my trout was gone.

I looked at that broken tip, watched it slide down the line as though in search of what had

gone before, and then I leaned against the bank; my arm relaxed and the broken end of the rod rested on the stream. Reaction, as the doctors call it, is a failing with me, and it soon set in. Then I thought there are also times when one possessed of a fair command of English, a robust physique, and a first-class collection of American expletives, realizes, nevertheless, his absolute incapacity — this was one of them. I did not remember ever before to have felt so unconditionally a pauper; I did not know of any sacrifice too great, nor that I would grudge, for immediate authority over a man who could swear scientifically in nine languages. Not having the man, I prayed for him and climbed up the bank.

Hunting round in my coat for a pair of pliers, carried for such emergencies, they could not be found. The grip of my fingers was not sufficient to pull out the ferrule, and my teeth were equally powerless. I knew I had the much needed tool before I mounted Breckenridge, and concluded I would find it at the Springs. I more than ever desired to be the owner of the priceless animal. While I was thus making inroads upon one branch, at least, of the Tenth Commandment — coveting my neighbor's property — the Doctor came along, driving the cheerful brute with the rawhide.

"Have you seen anything of Bismarck?" was his first inquiry.

I told him that Bismarck was up the Fork, at least I had left him there apparently happy. Then he wanted to know why I had not kept a look out for him; to this I answered in the good old New England way, by inquiring the use of lariat and picket-pin. He then wanted to know what was the matter with me, and I said I was trying to be mad, and was out of patience because I could not get as angry as I wanted to be; if he could help me I would be his willing servant thence to the end of my days. This seemed to put him into good humor, and he said, with a laugh, he guessed we'd have to "hoof it" to camp.

To get to the camp on the east side of the Grand, where we were, involved a trip of about eight miles; to make it on the west side was to cut off half the distance. To accomplish two hundred feet was to save four miles; the river was too deep and swift to wade, at any place accessible to the road, and the Doctor could not swim. He suggested that we try fording with Breckenridge: perhaps he wouldn't buck carrying double. I asked him if he thought the morning's experience had affected my brain; I confessed to a good shaking up and to being a little stiff, but my head was clear.

"Well, we will be obliged to do one thing or the other — it's either a four or an eight mile walk."

I told him I would rather walk forty miles and be a week on the road; but before we started it would be well for him to try the pool at the mouth of the Fork. He said he would, and that, in the meantime, I might perhaps make up my mind to risk saving the four miles.

When he went away I sat down under a cottonwood and admired the invaluable chattel standing asleep. I enjoyed myself nearly half an hour revolving a variety of methods, and finally became so ingenious that I felt had I lived at the proper period I might have achieved wealth and immortal fame as the head devil of the Spanish Inquisition.

By this time I was in good condition, mentally, for anything. I gathered up my broken rod, fastened it and my creel to the cupid's saddle, gathered up the lariat and secured it. Then I took him by the bit, joyfully planted my hob-nailed brogans two or three times into his ribs — I fancy I can kick, on the proper occasion, as viciously as a mule — and wound up the performance with as near an approach to an Apache yell as I could command. Breckenridge opened his eyes and looked at me in a dazed sort of way; I gave him a few more kicks to be sure he would not awake again in surprise after I had mounted, and with another yell climbed into the saddle. I then let into him with the rawhide, and he walked off quietly so that I could see and hail the Doctor.

The next inquiry was: would he carry double? I rode him in precaution to a bed of deep sand. The Doctor tied on his creel, which was overflowing with grand spoils from the great pool; I repeated the yell with a jerk on the bridle that brought up the beauty's head — his mouth was the only tender spot about him — the Doctor kicked him a time or two and sprang on behind; the rawhide was brought into play and Breckenridge walked to the river and into it. I suggested that the water looked rather deep near the opposite bank, but the Doctor thought as we had started we might as well go on. By the time we were half way the water was washing the cinch and growing deeper at each step. I asked the Doctor whether Breckenridge could swim, and he said he didn't know. By this time we were twenty feet from the outcome, and the water was bathing our knees with a perilous roar. I essayed to head our raft up stream a little when it stopped, and, I feared, was about to lie down. I brought down the rawhide and the Doctor yelled with an emphasis that would have made a Ute livid with envy. Breckenridge went on stumbling over the hidden boulders; the air became black with the fragments of the Third Commandment, while I was too frightened to speak. The water crawled into my waders as Breckenridge scrambled upon the bank and the Doctor slipped off behind. I apologized, and told

him I was incapable of expressing in proper terms the deep regret I felt. He looked at me, with a painful smile, and gently rubbed his leg.

Dismounting we took turns driving and leading the inestimable steed up the Divide. The Doctor, being somewhat more agile, took the lariat on the start, and throwing his weight upon it, while I plied the rawhide from the rear, we thus made a mile. When I took the lariat and the Doctor the rawhide there was a perceptible diminution in speed — yet we got on. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the summit. But the sun was behind us, his mellow rays "laying in the color" on the distant Range, and flashing back the silver light was the beautiful river, stealing silently out from the brown cliffs of lava and down through the valley of green and gold. Even Breckenridge then ceased to be a burden.

PRINCIPALLY EVASIVE.

THE time arrived when I told the Doctor we must start for the Yampa, if we intended going; that we had already lost several days unnecessarily. At the last moment the Professor made up his mind to "go along." He was not quite ready, but we could start and he would overtake us the first night in camp, on the Muddy. We had a light wagon and a good team, but a couple of saddles and bridles were thrown in and our esteemed friends, Bismarck and Breckenridge, hitched on behind. About half way up the gulch, below the Springs, the Doctor discovered a number of mountain grouse, as he called them, making for the brush and timber on the left of the road. He worked around about twenty minutes overhauling the contents of the wagon in search of a gun; finally he got hold of a rifle, and left me in charge of the team while he went to find the birds. In the course of half an hour, the report of his rifle rang along the gulch, and before the echo had died out, Bismarck had become frightened, broken his halter and started on a gallop back to the Springs. We heard

the rifle half a dozen times, and when the Doctor returned he had two mutilated sage-hens, which he left in the sun in my charge, and then went after Bismarck, with a smile on his face — the Doctor's face, of course. He always looks that way at such times, and I am always particularly cautious, when that smile gets around, not to say anything calculated to break in upon his happy silence. I like other people to enjoy themselves; in fact there is a double amount of pleasure on such occasions, and it is not at all like enjoying a thing all alone. I went on, feeling quite light-hearted, with the team, and the reluctant Breckenridge trailing in the rear, until I reached the top of the Divide. There I came to a halt that I might derive further pleasure from the view and await the Doctor. An hour or so is rarely wasted in such a place on a clear summer's morning, with the soft breeze fanning one's cheeks, and miles of mountains piled range upon range in any direction one may look. No, the little escapade of Bismarck gave me no annoyance whatever.

Hearing the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, after a while, I looked and saw the Doctor coming up the hill. He had neglected to take Bismarck's bridle, and did not deem it necessary to incumber himself with another at the barn where the frolicsome steed was captured. Under the circumstances, Bismarck was also enjoying himself, as

any animal of spirit will, when he is having his own way. Had not his course been up such a long steep hill, the Doctor would not have tarried at the wagon — without falling off. It was very exhilarating to see a dignified gentleman, like the Doctor, speeding up the mountain on that bare-backed animal, without any hat, and clinging to the halter with both hands to avoid slipping off behind.

When they reached us I asked the Doctor if he had lost his head-gear. It seems the proper thing to ask a question under such circumstances. But to express entire sympathy and to guard against rebuff, the inquiry must be so framed as to admit only of an affirmative answer. The Doctor did not reply; he only asked for a bridle, which I gave him; he slipped it on the light-footed German and went to hunt his hat. It took him quite an hour, and when he returned I asked him where we should go into camp for noon, and he said at Corral Creek. As this was six miles from the Springs and we were half way, having taken an early start, I began to figure up the time it would require to reach the Yampa, distant ninety-five miles. The Doctor thought it would take about three weeks, and informed me, for the first time, that he intended to stop a couple of weeks at Blind Horse Gulch. He had some mining interests in that vicinity that he thought needed looking after, and he might also

require my services. He knew with absolute exactness my views touching the mingling of business and outing pleasures. Upon his suggestion, I said to him that he could not have proposed anything more in accord with my wishes. I had an acquaintance with the waters in the vicinity of Blind Horse Gulch, and if I had only thought of it would myself have recommended that we take it in. The Doctor looked at me out of the tail of his eye, but made no comment. When we were about half way down the Divide, and I was dreaming over the attractions of the valley and the Grand below Corral Creek, the Doctor inquired of me if I believed in immortality. I told him I had hope of it, and caught the flash of the silver band in the sunlight a dozen miles away, through the light purple haze. I heard nothing more until we pulled up in the shade of the willows and cottonwoods near the mouth of Corral Creek.

The Doctor then told me that when he went back for his hat he saw the Professor at the barn, and the latter said he would go down on the east side of the river, ford it above the mouth of Troublesome, and join us there instead of at the Muddy. I began to fear the Professor might disappoint us after all, although his blankets and other necessaries were in the wagon. The Doctor explained that our friend thought by going down the east side he might get a shot at some grouse or

young sage-hens, and they would be good for supper. This reminded the Doctor of his morning's success, and he hunted out his game from under the wagon-seat; after examinining it carefully, he went off a short distance and put the birds in the shade of some willows, saying he would draw them after lunch. I asked him if he didn't think that should have been done directly after they were killed, but he said it would be just as well. Being under his guidance, I said nothing more, but while we were eating I saw a dog, evidently a citizen in the vicinity, mouthing the game savagely. Out of consideration for the Doctor's feelings I failed to call his attention to it, knowing he would go out and stone the dog; the dog, too, seemed to be enjoying himself, and I didn't want to see him interrupted. After lunch we hitched up, and had gone about three miles, perfectly happy, when I made the remark that "over yonder on that island is a good place for grouse."

"There! by George! if I didn't come away and leave those grouse, after all!" He doubled up his fist and rapped his knee emphatically, but did not offer to stop the team. I told him if he wished I would jump on Bismarck and go back for them. He thought it was hardly worth while; then I pleaded with him in an earnest sort of way; that I should really be glad to go; would much rather go than be deprived of a taste of the birds at supper.

He made a feint of checking the team, but changed his mind and forcibly declared they were not worth the trouble; he was sorry he had left them, and perhaps — nay, in fact — the Professor would bring some into camp. I asked him if he really thought they were grouse, and he admitted they might possibly be sage-hens.

"How happened it that you forgot them? Now, if I had been guilty you would not have been surprised, neither would I."

"Confound the horse-flies, this is the worst place for them I was ever in; they are always bad in this neighborhood," and the Doctor rubbed off, with his whip stock, the solitary insect that had just alighted on the quarter-strap of the off horse. Just then the boy inquired what made those long holes by the side of the road, and then discovered they were quite numerous and in some degree of order.

"Those? oh, those are rifle pits," broke in the Doctor with alacrity.

"Rifle pits! who made 'em?" was the next inquiry. The Doctor heaved a sigh; a happy sigh of relief, I thought.

"The Utes."

"What for?"

"To fight."

"Fight who?"

"Whom, you should say, little boy — to fight

the Arapahoes." Then the Doctor described how a war party of Arapahoes had some years before ventured into the Park and stumbled on a small camp of Utes, under old Colorow, on a hunt. That the latter had been shrewd enough to take the low ground that they might have access to the river, and the Arapahoes had stationed themselves on the mesa about half a mile off. That they danced, yelled round and shot arrows for three or four days, killed a Ute pony, and, by that time, fearing a reinforcement to the enemy, had taken themselves back over the Range to indulge in a scalp dance. By the time the Doctor had concluded, we reached the Troublesome and went into camp. He said if I would catch some trout for supper he would get in the wood to cook them. Half an hour sufficed to bring to creel seven nice fish, and as many as we could dispose of at one meal; with these I returned to camp, just as the Professor put in his appearance. He had killed and drawn three grouse, and informed the Doctor that he had also secured a wild turkey.

"A wild turkey! where?"

"In the timber over near the Beaver."

"I'll bet a dollar it was one of my turkeys."

"Don't you suppose I know a wild turkey, when I see one?" demanded the Professor, in manifest disgust.

"What did you do with it?"

"Oh, I sold it to a couple of tourists I met over there — got five dollars for it."

"You owe me five dollars," said the Doctor.

"Prove your turkey."

"Why, there's not a piñon tree, nor anything else, to furnish food for wild turkeys on Beaver. I know it was my turkey; my brood is the only one in the neighborhood."

"Prove it — must he not prove his property in the turkey before he can maintain his action of trover, as it is called?" said the Professor, appealing to me with a broad smile on his face.

"Without doubt, and more, if you deny it."

"You talk about your brood as though you had a dozen — an old hen and gobbler and two chicks!"

"I'll look into it when we get back."

"I would — and let me know what you see," said the Professor as he set the feathers flying from the grouse, and I went off again to the stream that we might have trout for breakfast.

Stewed grouse, fried trout, biscuit and coffee with cream obtained from a neighboring ranch, made a substantial and palatable meal as the Professor prepared it. He had taken upon himself the office of cook without solicitation, leaving the Doctor and myself to look after all other matters pertaining to camp duty. We did justice to his cookery, and I enjoyed a pipe with him by moonlight as a substitute for a big camp fire, wood being

too scarce in the immediate vicinity for a cheerful blaze. The Doctor had quite forgotten his tribulations of the morning, and was well disposed, even toward the Professor, notwithstanding the views of the latter about the turkey; his comfortable state being induced, perhaps, by his satisfied appetite.

Our pipes smoked out, I concluded to have another. In looking about for the wherewith to rake out a coal, I saw a scrap of paper within reach and adopted it. I noticed it was part of a leaf from some book, and that it had a picture upon it; the moonlight made quite plain to me a rough impression of the great Napoleon. His arms were folded and his head on his breast as usual, with the Pyramids for a background; but for the pose of the figure perhaps I might not have recognized whom it was intended to represent. For a man who had so much to do, he could indulge in more repose than any other mortal in history. He stood in the desert, climbed the Alps, rode a mule or superintended the murder of regiments in the same attitude. It must have been a wonderful head that had nothing for its owner's hands to do; nevertheless I folded up the image and with it lighted my brier root.

"Oh, yes, a wonderful head," echoed the Professor. "The head of a great man, as you call 'em."

"Don't you think Napoleon was a great man?"

"That depends;" and after a pause, "if selfish ambition, cruelty and tyranny constitute greatness, then he was great, greater than any other great man we read about."

"I'm afraid trout and grouse do not agree with you, Professor."

"Never felt better in my life, nor more at peace with the world. But I have often thought I should have liked to see your great man six feet away from some men I have known in my time, each with a revolver — I'll bet my life your great man would have gone down on his knees before the time came for business. It don't require a brave man, when he's got the drop, to kill another; it requires a coward; it don't require a brave man, when he can do it with perfect safety to himself, to order others killed by the dozen, for nothing. It is as impossible for a brave man to be cruel as for a cruel man to be brave. He's the man who said, 'Let war feed war;' it did, and Russia spread her table-cloth of snow to catch the fragments of the feast."

"That sounds pretty; where did you get it, Professor?" inquired the Doctor.

"Get what?"

"The table-cloth business."

"From another perversion — a drunkard and gambler, in orders."

"You must admit the Emperor had one redeeming feature."

"What was it?"

"He believed in auguries."

"A paradox — but you never heard me express a belief in total depravity."

"Did not Napoleon declare that all he did was for France?" I inquired.

"My dear sir, did you never hear of a man stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in? How is that for a Yankee answer? His acts belied his speech; he served Napoleon, not France; tell me, is the world any better for his life? Now, listen: I saw a letter not long ago with this in it: 'I want to put down the rebellion in the shortest possible time, and will do my part towards it without expecting or desiring any other recognition than a quiet approval of my course; I have no ambitious ends to accomplish.' The man who wrote it lived up to it, and when he lay dying more than two thousand miles from me, I took off my hat, as you would say, in sorrow and reverence."

The silence that followed was broken by the boy:

"I know who that was — that was General Grant."

"Don't you forget it, my boy."

On the road, next day, the Doctor inquired of me if I had heard of or seen the Chateau Idyl. He made the inquiry in that affirmative sort of way

which always leads a weak man into lying. Of course I admitted that I had a faint recollection of hearing some one at some remote period say something about some such chateau, but my memory was so much at fault I should be glad to hear all about it from him.

"It is a very novel attraction," and the Doctor went to work describing a medieval establishment with a broad veranda that encircled the front; this veranda had railings of natural wood, that made the entrance a little sombre and ponderous; there was a spiral stairway possessing grandeur enhanced by stained glass windows; a hall, the shadows of which were vast and dim, and reminded him of the obscure religious lights of old cathedrals.

I asked him if he had ever seen any old cathedrals and he said he hadn't. Then I wanted to know the difference between natural and unnatural wood, and he was at a loss to advise me. Finally I asked him if this chateau were round and all front, and was glad to learn that it was square with a swell front, and that he could give me definite information upon those points. He then described a fire-place with *terra cotta* tiles, and another hall with old blue tiles — I wanted to know what old blue was, but dared not interrupt too frequently — of polished floors with old gold furnishing; of elk-breath curtains, and a picture of a buffalo hunt by Raphael, and much more. As this chateau did

not compare with the one I had in my mind, I asked where it was situated, and he told me in a pine grove hard by Blind Horse Gulch.

I put my hand gently on his shoulder, faced him and took a good look at his eyes; he seemed to be sane and sober as a deacon at grace before meat. When I recovered I wanted to know whether the party who built this chateau was a bonanza king or an escaped lunatic. He said he was neither, but a poet and philosopher. The response relieved my mind entirely as to the suspected mental condition of the Doctor, and was otherwise satisfactory. No one can have ground for surprise at the conduct of a poet and philosopher. I possess a tender consideration for the one and a deep reverence for the other. One has the privilege of harboring astonishment at a poet or a philosopher, but when a man possesses these attributes in combination, he is beyond the pale of criticism, to say nothing of astonishment. Blended in one man everything is exhausted except sympathy, and the poverty of that, even, becomes oppressive, and makes one feel that liberty on some other planet is essential to a proper feeling of self-respect.

Who this genius was he declined to tell me, but promised to show me the chateau, which he affirmed was haunted and somewhat avoided. Travelers who had ventured there during the absence of the proprietor had been assailed with

stones, thrown by unseen hands. If they effected an entrance the stones rattled on the roof, or were hurled against the walls, or dropped down chimneys. Voices were heard to utter apparent threats in unknown languages, and all sorts of mysterious and vague whisperings mingled with the sighing of the pines in that vicinity, both day and night. It was supposed some murder had been done on the premises, although those who had encountered the owner found him dignified and courteous.

The boy wanted to know if we must necessarily go that way, and if we could get there before dark. In endeavoring to interest me the Doctor had forgotten this member of our party, sitting behind him, and thereupon averred that the chateau was not on the road we were traveling, but some distance away. I cannot agree with the Professor that the Doctor is devoid of imagination.

SABBATH.

CHURCH bells are not needed to remind us of the Sabbath; this is the age of cheap watches and clocks; bells are a relic of — antiquity; there is no music in them; only a solemn din that inspires melancholy rather than cheerfulness, alarm rather than hope; their clamor is not in harmony with the sweetness of the day nor its promises. The day needs no reminders; it has, so to speak, an individuality; it makes itself felt; you distinguish it, whether in town or the wilderness, from all other days; the sound of a bell is an intrusion; the whirr of the grasshopper, in his short flight, jars on the sweet, peculiar quiet, and when the rattle of his wings has ceased the transition is as soothing as the cessation of rattling musketry. When the sun shines on that day it is brighter; when it rains it is with quiet decorum, a sort of respectfully apologetic drizzle, as if the rain were sorry or ashamed of itself: its coming is really a mistake; it should have reached us on Saturday or deferred its unpleasant visit until Monday; the master of meteorology had, however, miscalculated

a little; but since it had been started it could not go back, and would be glad to stop, but really it can no more stop than go back; indeed it is not master of its own conduct, as you can well understand, nor has it any will of its own; circumstances over which, etc., and trusting it will not occur again, it wouldn't if it were not obliged to,— until one accepts the apology with a conviction of its sincerity; and the courteous diffidence with which it is tendered makes it as pleasant in the house as though the sun were shining his brightest.

Opening the tent-fly, I look out east. The air is soft and fragrant with the odor of the mountain pines; each breath is an inspiration — yes, that's what I mean — the sun is just coming up over the Range; there is not a cloud anywhere; the pure white of the peaks is piled massively, and without obstruction against the clear background of blue. In the west the hills are changing from gray to gold and rose-color; not a sound obtrudes itself except the melody of the beautiful river murmuring its morning anthem. There is no discord in the music; it whispers its praises gently, and then, as if exhilarated by the first rays of its staunchest friend, there comes up from the rippling crystal a grand sweep of harmony, to die away again upon the ear more tenderly than the closing notes of a mother's lullaby. Lonely, you say — may be —

but a man is never alone at such a time; it is then he knows

——"the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The Doctor, discovering after a while that it is daylight, throws off his blankets, comes out, and the first thing he says is, "This is Sunday;" and adds, with his soul in it, "it is glorious." Then I forgive him.

"There will be 'services' over town this morning," he continues. ("Town" means the half dozen cabins, including the store, blacksmith shop and saloon of Blind Horse Gulch.) "Will you go?"

I told him I had already been to mass — a ceremonial without the Roman Catholic or any other ritual except my own — but he didn't seem to understand.

When the time came I requested the boy to grease his boots and embellish himself with a clean paper collar, in honor of the occasion, which he did, and then we started for the "place."

The place was an ordinary log cabin, sixteen by twenty, with some empty boxes and an occasional beer-keg for the congregation. A shoe-box standing on end constituted the sacred desk, and this was provided with a chair that had no back. Some one, with a remembrance lingering about him, had filled an old tomato-can with wild primroses and asters and placed the offering on the pulpit. The

boys, usually boisterous, had assembled to the number of twenty, and were talking in whispers when the preacher came in. He was a moist-eyed, melancholy man, in black trousers voluminous at the knees; a white shirt, wrinkled black coat, and a nose not in keeping with the weather. He looked at the flowers; they did not seem to touch him favorably and he placed them in a corner on the floor. He then opened the "services" by nasally reading a hymn beginning:

"I have sought round this verdant earth
For unfading joy"—

(I thought he had, and would have felt sorry had he given me time.) He seemed to take a great deal of enjoyment in reading, and I concluded he intended to read the hymn all over again, but he stopped at the end of the second verse, requested the congregation to "join in," and himself "pitched the tune." His was not a voice calculated to inspire emotion, but he seemed to be satisfied with it, at least until the congregation had concluded the verses "lined out." After that he believed them capable of the emergency. They were led off by a sweet tenor which I recognized as the property of Cheyenne Jack. I knew Cheyenne well, but was not aware up to that time that he was at all familiar with hymns.

Cheyenne was a slender, wiry man of thirty, perhaps, with long hair; fine, light-colored silky hair,

that hung down upon his shoulders and looked as though it might belong to some mother's three-year-old pet; all it lacked was the curls; a clean shaven face except a heavy drooping mustache a shade darker than the hair; blue eyes that always wore a smile in them, unless you looked a little below the surface; then you would detect something that made you feel you would rather be friendly with Cheyenne. There was nothing in the least offensive; he was a very quiet-spoken man and greeted every one with a cordial handshake and that pleasant smile. The air in the saloon might be blue with the effects of bad whisky and the fumes of tobacco, or resonant with profanity and the click of revolvers, but not an oath would Cheyenne utter; and at such times you could always see that smile and feel the light under it. He had never killed a man — at least in this neighborhood — but somehow it had become a custom to follow his advice without the advice being irksome. I knew him once to stop an incipient unpleasantness by suddenly breaking out with "Home, sweet home," and by the time it was concluded the boys were all shaking hands, swearing "it's all square," and drinking as harmoniously together as though no cloud had ever descended in their vicinity. In Cheyenne I thought I detected the projector of the flowers in the tomato can. But I must not forget the "services."

When the hymn was concluded the preacher said:

"I will now invite your attention, my friends, to the Book of Jonah," and he read the whole of it. Then we had another hymn beginning:

> "There is a land of pure delight,
> Where saints immortal reign,"

wherein Cheyenne assumed the lead without ceremony. The preacher then announced his text as from Ezekiel:

"The first chapter, from the first to the seventeenth verses; and I will especially invite your attention this morning, my brethren, to the fifteenth and sixteenth verses."

"'Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.

"'The appearance of the wheels and their work *was* like unto the color of a beryl; and they four had one likeness; and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.'"

The verses were repeated and the preacher proceeded:

"My discourse, this morning, my dear friends, as applied to the text, will be upon the ordinance of baptism. To this end I will divide my subject primarily into three heads, and the three heads into nineteen minor heads. For their appearance

and their work was as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel. Therefore, listen unto me and believe.

Firstly — Who may of right be baptized?

Secondly — The mode of baptism.

Thirdly — The design of baptism.

These, my brethren, are the three prime heads; the minor heads we will develop as we proceed.

First, then, who may be baptized? This you will see is an important question — *who* may be baptized? *But*, it is made more important by putting it as I have first put it: who may of *right* be baptized? Of *right*, my friends. Because the right of which I speak is a broad right and may extend to all, young *and* old, black *and* white, because they four had one likeness, and their appearance and their work, *their* work, my friends, in the words of the text, was as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

It has been written: feed my sheep and feed my lambs; without lambs there can be no sheep, and without sheep there can be no lambs. You read of whole houses being baptized, but you must not take always the literal words; this, my brethren, refers not to the house in the literal sense, not to the tabernacle built with hands, but to them in the house, whole families, as it ware; that is what is meant by whole houses, for the appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color

of a beryl, and as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

Whole houses then, or whole families, my brethren, as we are to understand the words, may include lambs and they may not include lambs. But because there are no lambs, is that an argument against baptism being the right of all houses? Some houses have lambs, some not — of such is the kingdom of heaven, for behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures with his four faces, and they four had one likeness, and their appearance and their work was as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

But again, it has been written: Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them. Mark the language — *all* nations; that must also mean lambs. Can there, *can* there, my friends, be nations without lambs? then how can all the nations be baptized and the lambs left out? I ask, how *can* it be? and pause for a reply. For their work, *their* work, my friends, was as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

And yet again, my brethren, them that believe *and* are baptized,— believe *and* are baptized, shall be saved; who, I ask, who believes quicker than the lambs, and they shall be saved, for their appearance and their works are as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel — "

Just about this time I noticed that my lamb was

getting drowsy; I told him he must not go to sleep; then he said he was hungry. I gave him permission to go to camp and cautioned him to go quietly. Getting the boy off caused me to lose the thread of the discourse, and I tried for some time to recover it. I heard something about Ananias, of whom I never did entertain a favorable opinion, admonishing Paul to arise and be baptized, and that the great apostle must have been standing during the administration of the divine ordinance. Also that the Israelites passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, and the clouds poured out water, which he called the baptism of the Israelites unto Moses. I also caught "so shall ye sprinkle many nations," and concluded that our friend had reached some place under the second head of his discourse and was couching his theological lance in favor of sprinkling, as the orthodox "mode." But he soon knocked my conclusion in the head by asserting that at Pentecost three thousand were baptized in one day, by dividing the business up between six of the twelve apostles and assigning some forty odd sinners to each apostle, who "took them down into the water." While I was demonstrating the correctness of the problem from a mathematical as well as a practicable stand-point, the wheels went round again, and so quietly that I again lost consciousness of time. Then I was aroused by the

adjuration: "Believe *and* be baptized or you will be *damned*."

The preacher leaned over his frail pulpit and with a sweep of his arm took us all in; for the first time I appreciated the foresight that suggested the removal of the tomato can with the flowers. We all quieted down again after this outburst and I lost the thread for the third time; it began to get serious with me, and instead of following the thread I began to tie knots in it, and tangle it up in the wheels in a way that threatened imbecility, when I heard him mention Jonah.

Now Jonah always held a tender place in my regard; he was a man of misfortune because of his modesty; yet he had spirit enough not to take graciously the undoing of the work he had accomplished. So when he mentioned the name of Jonah I awoke — to an increased interest in the discourse.

"In reality, my brethren," continued the preacher, "Jonah was baptized, but it was not a baptism of the spirit; Jonah was running away from the Lord; it was only his body that got wet; but he prayed in the belly of the fish; then he began to *believe*, my friends, and to feel a regeneration of the spirit. *Yet* he was not saved; he was carried round for three days and nights in the belly of the fish, and even then, after all that time, the fish found Jonah such an indigestible sinner that he vomited

him up on the dry land. Then, my friends, *then* it was that Jonah looked round for his old felt hat and dusted for Nineveh; *then* it was that the spirit of the Lord smote him hip and thigh, and he went and preached as he was bid; and so, my friends, you see *his* appearance and *his* work was as it ware a wheel in the middle of a wheel."

It was nearly two o'clock when Cheyenne passed round with the hat and a face as long as the preacher's.

After a late dinner I concluded to go down into the grand cathedral and attend vespers. The atmosphere was a little misty from the experience of the forenoon, but the sun struggled through as I made my way along the blind trail above the river. Looking ahead I saw a white object on a little shelf some seven feet above the level of the trail. On getting down to it I pulled myself up until I could see, and found a few scattered bones and the skull of an eagle bleached by the weather. I secured the skull, wondering how long it had been there, and why I had not noticed it before; it was in perfect condition and the strong beak intact. Not being sufficiently versed in ornithology to distinguish between the glorious bird of freedom and his congeners, I declined, contrary to the rule, to give the former owner the benefit of a doubt. I set him down as a robber, despite his exalted station considered from a patriotic stand-point.

I finally reach one of my familiar nooks, a grass-covered spot a rod or more square, with a solitary broad-based pine, under which I can lie and look out the door. The sun usually beats down hot in such places, but in the shade it is cool and I welcome the low-spreading branches. Through the rugged sides of the grand portal three hundred feet high, I can see the cradle of the beautiful river that dashes past me in the full vigor of man's estate. By my side, and so near that I can almost touch its base with my hand, towers a cluster of columns five hundred feet high, while just across the stream its companion courts the azure with its capitals. A grand old architect is Time, with the winds and rains for his journeymen! There is a mixture of all the orders in these huge columns, but the Doric seems the prevailing style. A rough pilaster stretches up a hundred feet or so, to be completed by a fluted column rising from corbels of all shapes one's fancy may conceive. On the top of a bit of cornice a couple of griffins' heads, very close together, seem to be gazing down at me. They are hardly in place, measured by the rules of the architect. A more attentive examination detects the evidence of life in these ornaments, and I find them in reality a pair of large mountain woodchucks, lying there watching me, and they watch without winking.

While I am silently interviewing these decora-

tions, a magpie, chattering with all the vehemence of an angry Jezebel, alights on my pine. Looking up through the thick branches I catch an occasional glimpse of him perking his head inquisitively, and evidently taking aim at me, first with one eye and then the other. How the rascal scolds, hopping from one branch to another, coming down cautiously and bent on satisfying his curiosity. Presently he makes a noise different from his former conversation, and is immediately joined by another; then they hold counsel together, jawing louder than ever. Their conclusion is manifest; the first-comer makes a bold dash and alights on a boulder ten feet away from me. As he does so his long tail vibrates up and down, reminding me of some pragmatical human, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, balancing on his heels and toes while he patronizes one and dogmatically delivers his opinions. Keeping up his end of the conference, he struts stiff-legged and with austerity of port up and down the boulder, with an occasional pause to enjoy the tilting process. Sometimes, indeed, it seems, his tail, as he flaunts it in the air, will prove too much for his dignity and tumble him on his nose. He summons his mate, and they both promenade, and investigate and hold counsel. Finally the first one concludes there is nothing to be afraid of and he sails off the boulder, alighting almost at my feet. Just then I

feel something moving over my ankles, and looking, discover a garter-snake on a prospecting tour; my legs are no obstacles, they may be the limbs of a pine. But the movement I make on the discovery, involuntarily, of course, and slight, occasioned by surprise, and, I suppose, the natural antipathy, is enough for Madge. He is off with his companion in a twinkle, both inordinately profane. I know they swear; there is no deviltry they are not masters of, and blasphemy must be among their accomplishments.

The birds disappearing, my attention is directed to a spot a few feet away; a bunch of grass seems to be agitated as though some struggle were taking place there; it must be; there is no wind, and if there were it would not confine its effect to a single bunch of grass in the middle of a plot a rod square. I get up to investigate, and find the descendant of the first enemy securing a meal; evidently the identical individual that made no bones crawling over mine. He has made two coils about a field mouse, and has fastened his jaws on the mouse's throat. For a few seconds I watch the tightening of the deadly embrace, the vicious clutching at the throat and the unavailing struggles of the victim. Reaching down I touch the snake with my finger; he recognizes the intrusion at once, and becomes still as death, yet holds his grip, not satisfied but he may have been mis-

taken. In a few seconds more the strife begins again; there is no movement of the snake anywhere except his vicious jaws and the bit of his slender body in which he has folded his prey; the tail lies straight and all his strength seems to be in the coil, the rigid neck and the jaws; he is seeking to choke and crush his capture at the same time, and the mouse's efforts have ceased except a languid movement of his legs. I touch the snake with my finger a second time; it is a gentle touch, no heavier than the first, but it seems to carry conviction with it. The coil is relaxed so quick I cannot see how it is done; the snake seems to drop its prey — not detach itself — as one would open his fingers to let an object fall, and as quickly disappears. The poor mouse lies exhausted, the movement of his panting sides is scarcely discernible, and after a few seconds I touch him but meet no response. I take him in my hand and gently smooth the sodden fur where the snake's cruel jaws had closed, and thinking he may revive, lay him on the grass again. Presently the little fellow trembles quite perceptibly, and then recognizes the slight touch of my finger by not daring to breathe; then he begins to kick with some vigor, and when I touch him again he springs fully a foot from the ground and is gone like a flash, following, curiously enough, in the very wake of his deadly foe. It was a close call for little bright-eyed blue, but he did not recognize his

deliverer nor express his gratitude. He seemed to know simply that he was alive and free. I felt none the less sorry for his misfortune nor less happy at his rescue. I thought, too, there might be a lesson in it for us all: As I stood to this unfortunate so may One stand to us without our understanding Him.

The sun has crossed over the line marking the roof of my cathedral, and his beams are lingering about the capitals of the pillars across the stream. A great cluster of castillia, nestling near the summit, is caressed by the softening rays, and its crimson tint is strongly set off by the light gray of the cliff; and I see wild flowers decorating each crevice where they can find a handful of earth. There is a solid independence about this structure that sets at defiance what our builders are pleased to call rules; the laws of its beauties are beyond their ken. There is no occasion now to seek the shelter of the pine; the air has grown cool, the shadows about me are beginning to deepen, as I lounge upon the big boulder, lately the vantage point of Madge. The roof is changing from blue to pale gold, and far away on the Range the rose and gold are blending with the white and gray. It grows very solemn as the shadows continue to lower; the river rushes on as merrily, its crystal sheen changing to dark green, by and by to be black, and then to give you no sign, save here and there the white

flash of a little cascade and the melody of its vesper hymn.

The way out of this stately solitude is not devoid of perilous places, but I know a light is coming, brighter than the stars, and am in no hurry. Overhead and outside the grand door-way it yet looks bright, and the twilight lingers as if loth to allow the night to come upon so beautiful a day. I lounge and listen to the river, while I watch the twilight fade; the rose tints die away and the arched roof is lighted up with the always ready lamps. They do not spring all at once into sight, but seem to come one at a time or in clusters, until the dark blue vault is studded thickly. Watching them and wondering what they are and by whom peopled, and yet only wondering: why may they not tell to us their mysteries; why may we not tell them ours; or, whether they, knowing us better than we know ourselves, look out upon us with that same feeling of tender sympathy that the father looks into the beautiful face of his smiling babe. Watching and wondering until humiliated and weak, adrift and lost in that illimitable ocean, with not one of those bright gems to serve as guide or give me aught of what is beyond. But by and by they begin to pale and some drop out of sight; the dark vault where they hung wears a silver hue and the world that is dead mounts higher, full and resplendent. So is the glory of One who

is gone, yet is here, and there seems no cloud left drifting between me and the Infinite.

Even down by this swift-flowing river,
Where the cañon is lonely and wild,
How the moon-beams now linger and quiver
On the form of a beautiful child!

On a beautiful child that is sleeping
In a delicate shallop of pearl,
That is frail as the spray which is leaping
On the edge of yon wavering swirl!

Yet his bark had been borne through the sunlight,
From afar on the light rippling tide,
But it comes with the falling of twilight,
To the rocks by this dark river's side.

Now I see it drift down to the portal —
To the door with the high rugged sides;
Then the bark of the beautiful mortal,
From the twilight and dreaminess glides,

To the reeling and turbulent madness;
'Mid the rocks and the eddy's quick swirl,
Swiftly dashes this vision of gladness,
In its delicate shallop of pearl.

Sweeping down through the wild river's foaming,
From the waterfall's smooth-crested height,
Sweeping on through the roar and the gloaming —
Even down through Cimmerian night.

Then the burden of doubting was lifted —
For high over the sad water's whirl,
There came tokens of love, and they drifted
From the One in the shallop of pearl.

SHEEP MOUNTAIN.

TIME was when Blind Horse Gulch enjoyed the privileges of a live mining camp. A live mining camp may consist of a few hundred or a few thousand men; the privileges — well, they are unlimited. Among them are saloons, so called by courtesy; the saloon may consist of a tent, a barrel of whisky and a tin cup; or a log cabin with a floor, a pine bar, a dozen cheap tumblers, the barrel of whisky and some black bottles; perhaps a faded, second-hand billiard table may aid in giving tone to the saloon. Tent or cabin, however, has its tables devoted to gaming. Everybody seems to gamble, and what everybody does of course no one objects to. Style is everything, in town or out; fall into the prevailing habit, be it hard work or idleness, rags or velvet, and one is considered, otherwise not. Everybody seems to drink, yet everybody seems to be busy. During the day quiet reigns; at night quiet takes wing. It was always a mystery to me how men could play all night and work all day. Yet in the flush times of Blind Horse Gulch it seemed the custom.

The location of the gulch is picturesque but confined; very little level ground and a great deal of side hill. Prospectors and miners seem, as a rule, better contented on an angle of forty-five degrees than on a horizontal. They want to be where they have to cling to the earth to keep from falling off, rather than where they can walk without effort. It is perhaps an index of at least one element in them. They hang on until Hope withers, and after she is dead she is a long time a-burying. If starvation did not come now and then to the aid of the beautiful cadaver with threats, she and her lovers would perish together. Sometimes she will come out of her grave and bring a rich reward to a favorite's constancy. The news of the resuscitation and the big strike gets abroad and the camp gets a "boom." That is what made Blind Horse Gulch a live camp "early in the sixties." The man who made the strike apostrophized his last pound of borrowed flitch and the next day woodcock and champagne were short commons. Then, may be he failed to sell out or the vein pinched on him. About this time Hope came round again gorgeously appareled, and did not resume her ossuary garments until the bacon was once more reduced to a pound, and that pound never increased.

The camp was played out. Those who had tents folded them and left. The cabins were abandoned

and fell down piecemeal to be converted into fuel by the few who lingered. Why any lingered they could not tell, unless from habit. The prospect was barren as the Silurian limestone and the place as valueless as the wreck of the old arastra clinging to its bed on the bank of the river — too rotten to burn. Bits of neglected flumes had become so warped that they turned over, stood on end or reclined against decayed trestle-work; broken wheelbarrows, old shovels without handles, and blunted picks, eaten with rust, reposed upon or protruded from abandoned dumps or prospect holes. The river bank had been washed down leaving great gaps, and cobble stones and big boulders piled up in midstream made a sterile island, around which the crystal waters surged as if angry at the intrusion. The genius of desolation would be lonesome in such a place, and, but for the ford close at hand and consequently an occasional traveler, would commit suicide.

Chèyenne had come in when the Gulch was in its highest state of cultivation, and his fortunes had kept pace with the surroundings. Whence he came no one knew; why he remained was as much a mystery.

The road leading west immediately below our camp is over a long steep hill, or the instep, rather, of a huge mountain's foot. A quarter of a mile of this road is visible, like a scratch on the earth's

surface. It is barely wide enough for a wagon, and the teamsters always come down under a rough-lock. If a wagon should get off this road there would be an abundance of kindling wood in the bottom of the gulch.

The tinkle of a cow-bell attracts the attention of the Doctor and myself, and looking up to the apex we discern a wagon, with a woman and some children, drawn by three oxen and a pony. The lead-ox and the pony are in rope harness and straw collars, as we subsequently learn. A couple of cows accompany the team, and they stand with ears set forward taking in the valley below. The oxen are not curious, and hold down their heads. The apparition does not linger long, clinging to the side of the hill.

"Git up, Blaze!" floats down to us: there is a creaking of timber denoting a lack of grease, and a grating of the hind wheels as they hug the brake. "Wo-haw, Bright — Gee! *Gee!* come hayer — whoa–e–e — Dog-on yo' everlastin' crazy picter — whar yo' gwine! whoa–e–e, now — git up Jim — blast yo' eyes — come out o' that! wo *haw*, Blaze!" And so, along the narrow way creaks and lumbers the procession, the two cows browsing by the roadside in the rear. It seems perilous for the women and children — that crazy wagon swinging down the mountain side — but they all appear as oblivious to the danger of turning

over and crashing down hill a thousand feet, as if camped in the middle of an Iowa prairie. At the bottom of the hill the distracted wagon is brought to a moaning halt.

The wagon sheet is a dark, weather-stained, dissipated affair without a redeeming feature; it has been thrown off the front bow and covers only the rear of the wagon and such household plunder as may be stowed there; among the latter is a faded patch-work quilt with wads of cotton protruding here and there, as though the small-pox had wrestled with it successfully. I never saw one of these outfits of which a worn and faded patch-work quilt did not form a part; they seem to be cherished as heirlooms, the melancholy mementoes of ancient and more prosperous times, the early housekeeping and the first baby of the preceding generation. No matter from which section of the country the owner may come, the quilts all seem to have marks of resemblance, as if they were the progeny of a common ancestry.

On the front seat, covered by one of the serviceable comforts, sits a woman in a calico gown in keeping with the wagon sheet; she has a sun-bonnet, a cob pipe and a light-haired baby. By the side of her, a girl of fifteen, perhaps, also in a sun-bonnet and calico gown with a hole burned in the lower part of the skirt. The face under this sun-bonnet, without the tan, might be pretty; the hair

tumbled about the shoulders is dark and bountiful, and her great brown eyes suggest more than a possibility under more salutary circumstances. Looking out from behind the two are a couple of brown-faced, tow-headed youngsters. There is a larger, bare-foot boy, in a hickory shirt, and butternut jean trowsers held up by the remains of a saddle girth over one shoulder and secured by wooden pins for buttons. His hair is long, with the tow-color lingering in it; he has a once drab wool hat with a limber brim; to keep this from blinding him the boy has cut little slits and woven a buckskin thong round the outer edge, but the device is a failure; unless he pushes the apology to the back of his head, or holds up the brim with his hand, it falls over his eyes. To disincumber his vision seems the boy's occupation in life. The driver who stands by the lad is a tall man with a slightly grizzled and much tangled beard, dark eyes with a blue film partly over one of them. He too is habited like the boy, except in the matter of suspenders and boots.

The man is equipped with a novel persuader; at least it is novel now. The lash, at the handle, is an inch thick; at three feet it has swollen to nearly three inches of plaited buckskin; then it tapers gradually for more than twelve feet to a buckskin thong two inches wide and a foot long; the handle does not exceed of polished ash, eighteen inches. The

man who knew how to use this instrument grasped the handle with both hands, raised them above his head with a sweep and, as they came forward, described as near a letter S in the air, as anything; the great lash straightened out with a quiver along its entire length that wound up at the tip of the buckskin thong with a crack like the report of a pistol; that thong would lift the hair from the tardy oxen and ofttimes cut the hide like a knife — the bull-whacker's whip. The novice who essayed its use needed to be armed cap-a-pie, and with something beside corduroy or leather. I once saw a young man immediately after his first experiment. He had been, I understood, an active, ambitious young man, but when I saw him he was under the care of three specialists: an oculist, a surgeon and a dentist; an undertaker's wagon in front of his father's residence would have excited no surprise.

The pilgrims were from Oregon. This was their second trip from Texas; they had gone out the year before. The man told the Doctor he "didn't know" but he might go back to Oregon or Washington Territory next year. He was "lookin' round fur a place to settle." He had been subduing the wilderness a number of years; had begun the business of subjugation with a good wagon, half a dozen horses and as many cows; there was a debility about his expression of "didn't know," that

amounted to pitiable imbecility. I left the Doctor, who was familiar with the West coast, talking to the pilgrim father, and made my way to the store.

Cheyenne and some of the other boys were supporting the front end of the saloon opposite, busy chewing tobacco and discussing the late arrivals. The little fellow with the weak hat brim came along hugging an empty beer bottle, went into the store and had it filled with molasses. The boys over the way excited his curiosity, and in walking off with his head over his shoulder, combined with his endeavors to keep his hat out of his eyes, he stumbled and fell. The bottle was broken; as the precious sweet mingled with the dust he gathered himself up and contemplated the ruin through copious tears. As he sobbed the boys all laughed boisterously — all save one. The exception was Cheyenne. He went over quietly to the lad, took him by the hand and led him back to the store. When the little fellow came out again he was no longer crying; the tears had made comical furrows in the dirt on his cheeks, and his nose was not in condition to attend a first class banquet, but he was happy in the possession of another bottle of molasses and some peppermint candy.

It was at once voted over the way, and without a dissenting voice: "That's just like Cheyenne." Yet there was not a man of them but would have

done precisely that thing if he had "only thought of it."

Cheyenne inquired of the Professor, who stood by, why he did not climb Sheep Mountain and kill a big-horn. The Professor said it hadn't occurred to him before, but he would "see about it." He appealed to me, to know what I thought of it, and would I go? I thought well of it, but as for going, I was averse to climbing; besides I had no rifle, and if I had, the chances were not in my favor. Cheyenne said he would lend me a shot-gun; he had a six-bore; it was a good, old-fashioned muzzle-loader, handy to carry and sure death to anything from a chipmunk to a grizzly. To carry such an engine was a temptation. I inquired if there were a prospect of killing a bear, and was assured I would be quite certain to meet one. To kill a grizzly was one of my ambitions; I had heard that black and cinnamon bears "had no sand;" that there was no fight in them unless wounded or cornered. But a grizzly was always hungry for war and never waited for the sound of the bugle or anything else, but charged without orders or provocation. There was some credit to be gained by bagging a grizzly. I said I would go, of course. Cheyenne wanted to know of me if I had ever killed a bear, and I said I never had. He gave me instructions how to do it — with a shot-gun. I was to let the bear get close, within a few feet, and then

give him one barrel in the eye, then the bear was to turn round and I was to let him have the other barrel in the ear. He said — Cheyenne, I mean — he would put twenty buckshot in each barrel and guarantied the effect at, say, ten feet. It was impossible to resist the witchery.

Sheep Mountain was distant a couple of miles and about three thousand feet high; its western end a precipice five hundred feet or more and almost perpendicular. Looking at the cliffs from the Gulch, it did not seem possible that anything without wings could find a resting-place on that rugged front, but the sheep made a play-ground of it, and enjoyed themselves as well as would a rural maiden on a puncheon floor. It was arranged that I should take a blind trail near the foot of the western slope, and that would lead me almost to the base of the precipice, within easy shot of the run-way; the Professor was to go round to the eastern side, climb up that, drive the game in my direction, and meet me at the stand. When the plans were fully understood, Cheyenne brought me his gun; it weighed about sixteen pounds, he said; I did not consider that heavy — for such a gun. By the time we got to the foot of Sheep Mountain and the blind trail, I thought the six-bore weighed a ton; if I could have carried a ton, I would have sworn to the weight.

The Professor found the blind trail, put me into

it and told me to "make for that dead pine near the base of the cliff." I could distinguish the pine without any difficulty, but somehow, within half an hour after the Professor left me, the dead pines seemed to have multiplied. I could see the cliffs, of course, but there were dead pines by the million, spread over several hundred acres. Had they all been dead on their feet it would have been pleasant, but they were about half and half, and, so far as rural architecture was concerned, the whole country seemed the paradise of pre-emption cabins, corrals and pig-pens. A fire had swept over the hillside at some time, and the wild raspberries were so thick that, wherever I could see, the ground appeared carpeted with the luscious red fruit. It seemed a sacrilege to crush them under foot, and I ate as many as I could by way of expiation. The frame-works grew more complicated; as fast as I climbed out of one pen I found myself in another. The six-bore was making life a burden; I began to think it sentient and bent on some sinister purpose; to avoid any mistakes it might make, I took the caps off and put them in my pocket. About half way up the mountain I would have given almost anything for an able-bodied miner or a hotel porter; my preference leaned to the latter as better capable of assuming my burden without eventually calling on me for help; yet I had my doubts even about him. To go back was as easy as to go on,

and so, it being about two o'clock, I concluded I might get to the base of the cliff in time to go into camp for the night. With this prospect of rest in the dim future, I managed to keep awake.

Finally I reached about the middle of the windfall and sat astride the top log of a spacious inclosure to rest and try to fill my lungs. Just then I saw the summit of my ambition within twenty feet of me ready to be achieved — I mean what I told Cheyenne was my ambition. He was further off, however, than Cheyenne had agreed to guaranty results; besides he seemed good-natured; he was sitting on his haunches, smiling at me with the utmost suavity; he was very large, the largest I ever saw; I thought he might weigh perhaps more than the six-bore by about three thousand pounds; his teeth were so brilliant they dazzled me. I had to return his courtesy, of course — I never like to be uncivil even to a bear; I not only smiled in reply, I laughed aloud, very loud, so that my hat fell off, and the bear seemed to appreciate my civility. It was impossible under the circumstances to take advantage of his artless cordiality and put twenty of those buckshot into his eye and twenty into his ear; I hadn't the heart to do it, and I could have done it just as well as not, because he had walked over and decreased the distance to that of the guaranty, with the evident purpose of shaking hands. He had a magnificent

paw, and his claws — just then a Winchester — I afterwards learned it was a Winchester — went off right under me. The report of the rifle startled me so I fell over backwards. When I struck the ground I reached through the logs to recover the six-bore, then the Winchester went off again, and the bear lay down on my only means of defense — from Indians or something. Cheyenne was looking down at me with his accustomed smile.

"I scared you, I guess."

"Not a particle."

Cheyenne appreciated my reply, laughed heartily and then begged my pardon. I told him not to mention it, and he said he wouldn't. Then he climbed over into the pen and pulled the six-bore from under the bear. I expected him to ask me why I didn't shoot, but he neglected to do so. On further consideration I was glad that he did not, because he might not have sympathized with my sentiment, and I was glad, also, that he killed the bear. He said he thought it would weigh perhaps six hundred, and piloted me out to the trail about two hundred feet to the left. When I inquired of him why he had come up there, he said he saw me and the bear and thought we might miss each other; he was fond of bear steak and hated to lose a good chance. I esteemed his discrimination, and wondered for the hundredth time why he lingered and rusted in Blind Horse Gulch. He said if I

had no objection he would go on with me, and we could get back in time to have some of the boys pack the bear into camp. He could not have proffered anything more in keeping with my wishes, whether I went up or down, and I marveled once more.

He went ahead, but walking to accommodate my slower pace, and when we had made half the distance he waited while I caught my breath. I rested the six-bore on the ground, and looking down at it he suddenly reached out his hand as if to take the weapon, with the remark that he had forgotten to put on the caps. I relieved his mind at once by telling him of my precaution, and fishing the articles out of my pocket put the engine in trim again. Finally we reached the run-way, and I was glad to sit down with my back against a big boulder, facing the cliff, with the gun across my lap. Cheyenne sought another resting place and we waited in silence.

In front of me, for several hundred yards, the ground was clear of any obstruction in the way of trees or brush, and then there was a growth of young pines standing quite thick. To the left the brown cliffs towered almost overhead, but sloping a little at the base, while to the right I could look down into that exquisite windfall. We sat there nearly an hour; I had taken in enough of the surroundings to make the business a little monot-

onous, when a low whisper from Cheyenne directed my attention to the little pines. The warning was unnecessary; I saw, as soon as he spoke, a bighorn walk out leisurely from the thicket, followed by four others, coming right toward us on the slope close to the base of the cliff. How magnificently free he stepped, with his head erect, scarcely seeming to touch the perilous foot-way with his cushioned hoofs! As he drew nearer his bright eyes appeared to take in everything but his enemies. I scarcely dared to move, but managed to work the gun down, without attracting his attention, until it was on a line with my legs. I could hear my heart beat, surging out its anxiety through my parted lips. With feelings of mingled admiration and pity I slowly raised the weapon, as the noble animal paused scarcely two hundred feet away, and stood, checked as if by intuition. I could not hold the gun steady; with every pulsation of the trip-hammer under my shirt the weapon moved up and down, up and down; I shut my teeth in vexation; piled up anathemas upon my head, but to no purpose; up and down it would go in spite of all my resolution. Finally I got the sight above the shoulder, let it drop, and, as it covered the vital spot, I pressed the trigger. There was a noise something like the roar of a mountain howitzer turned loose at my ear, and the back of my head was uncomfortably jammed against the

boulder. After the stars went out I saw that the band had whirled and retraced its steps a couple of rods and halted. Just then the Winchester rang out, the second one from the leader sprang forward and fell, never to rise again; three had disappeared before the echo of the rifle's report had ceased; the leader turned short to the left of the run-way at the pines, and vanished between the young trees and the base of the cliff.

"You've hit him — see, he has left the band," said Cheyenne, hurriedly, as he rushed ahead, stopping only long enough to use his knife upon the ewe he had brought down, and then on after the leader. I followed and reached him in time to see the knife plunged into my trophy. I looked down into the great eloquent eyes as they gradually grew dim and felt that I had done something cruel; and yet, no doubt, I would have been guilty of a similar cruelty within a moment, under like circumstances.

By the time we had the game in shape to pack down the mountain, the Professor came along and complained of his luck. He knew, however, just how it would be before he started. When Cheyenne, in accounting for the first two shots, told him there was a bear to be credited to them, the Professor's feelings were too burdensome for relief by the ordinary method; he sat on a rock and sighed.

A PICNIC.

WHILE awaiting breakfast, the Professor proposed that we go up the river to an island a mile off, and have a picnic. Permanent camp began to feel like home to him. He said the fishing was "good up there," and it occurred to me the Professor had begot another augury. I manifested reluctance; was tired from the experiences of the day before; we had more provisions in camp than we could dispose of; to add a lot of trout would invite waste; it would be better to wait until some other day.

"Well, I don't know; it seems just right to-day, as if it were one of my lucky days."

"Been dreaming again, Professor?" inquired the Doctor.

"Well, yes, I have," and the Professor's manner exhibited a slight degree of asperity; it drifted off at once and he continued: "I was dreaming of ants last night, was using 'em for bait; and about worms. For the life of me I couldn't string the worms on my hook, it was just like dreaming of shooting something — when you do that the ham-

mer always comes down easy, or the gun won't go off, and if it does you can always see the bullet 'light in the most ridiculous way, like a feather, instead of going through what you shoot at. But I had no trouble with the ants, and I caught a big trout — you know it is lucky to dream about ants and angle worms and big fish."

The Doctor said he was not well informed upon the subject.

"No, of course not; you never dream, but I do, and I never like to slap a good omen in the face; your imagination, Doctor, is weak. But here comes Cheyenne; he thought he'd go and I invited him to breakfast — "

"Can't I go?" broke in the boy. After the manner of the Professor I said I didn't know; I'd think about it.

"That's always the way — I can't go anywhere."

The boy pushed his hat over his eyes and unnecessarily poked the fire to the great danger of the coffee. The Doctor smiled and asked the boy how far he was from home. He said he didn't care, and this time the coffee pot would have fallen had not the Doctor caught it.

"Suppose you put down that stick."

"Well, I want to go, anyway — Cheyenne's going."

"You seem to be interested in Cheyenne?"

"Yes, I am, and I don't see why I can't go."

"If I go you may."

The boy pushed back his hat and smilingly tossed the stick at a visiting chipmunk. The Doctor laughed, and when Cheyenne greeted the boy as "little pard," the face of the latter expanded into a broad grin and he wriggled extravagantly.

The island in question is perhaps a quarter of a mile wide by a half mile in length. There is a small grove of ancient cottonwood trees at the lower end, planted there, no doubt, by the good genii of the wilderness for the special pleasure of such mortals as ourselves. The river at the head of the island turns its main volume to the left, allowing a stream fifty feet or more wide, to sweep off to the right. Around the edge of the island are patches of mountain beech and occasional bunches of willows, but none of them preventing convenient access to the water. A wide break in the bushes at the upper end allows a clear view of the river above for nearly a mile, where it comes sweeping round a big bend. In the bend on the right bank is another fine grove of large cottonwoods relieving with its bright green foliage the gray of the cliffs beyond. To the left a long mesa, with a narrow strip of level ground between it and the stream; in the center of this strip is a solitary, half-decayed cottonwood with a hawk's nest near the top. Very barren and unattractive, this mesa,

except that a draw here and there breaks the monotony of its outline, gives a shade or two of color different from the grayish green of the sage brush along the face, and the face has a few streaks of red earth in contrast with the slate-colored clay and the bleached boulders. But burn off the sage brush and we will have more color. In the place of it will come a beautiful wild grass, waist high, succulent with a virtue that makes sweet beef and fine winter pasturage. This is the practical side of the matter and the ideal combined.

It is easy wading the narrower stream; Cheyenne takes the boy on his shoulders and threatens to drop him midway, much to the lad's delight. He dares him and mocks him for "taking a dare." Despite the banter the good natured bearer of the light burden tumbles his incumbrance, safe and dry, into the tall grass on the opposite shore, and the youngster follows at the heel with mingled deference and familiarity. I have my doubts concerning the propriety of this friendship and am inclined to reach out a little into the future. Without just cause, perhaps, a shadow, very faint it is true, drifts back from the one in front to the lad; I do not fear that it will linger there, and yet, and yĕt — If I could only look on clear to the end for him if not for myself, it were easy to remove from the path the pebbles that make the feet so sore, and to fill up the pitfalls that wreck.

How we boast of our experience, and hourly it threatens failure in our office of guide!

We are all familiar with every riffle, pool and stretch of smooth water above, around and below the island. We cache our lunch in the grove and go out to see the Professor exercise his skill. Where the banks are clear of obstructions and the water unruffled, he delights to show us how far he can cast a fly. It is amusing too, in these displays, to watch how he takes for granted an unexpected rise. His "luck" at such times makes him smile from his highest pinnacle, and induces one to think the Professor courts these flourishes in the hope of evidences to convince himself that his omens have more in their development than fancy, and will bring him proselytes besides.

This is an off morning, however, for the trout. The Professor exerts his best address, and exhausts his temper and deceits; he whips the smooth water, the riffles and the pools, and gloomily takes himself toward the grove as noon approaches. He anticipates, no doubt, that the Doctor will prove inquisitive about ants, angle worms and big trout. But the Doctor does nothing of the kind and the Professor essays to satisfy himself with a reason for his ill luck. Failing in that, he feels assured he will retrieve his reputation during the afternoon and incite confidence in his auguries.

After lunch I wander off to a clump of willows

where I can lie in the shade and look out upon the long stretch of water coming toward me and dream of its mysteries. There is a range seventy miles away, and this afternoon its snow-crowned peaks are as clear cut as if an hour's walk would bring me to its base. There are intervening mountains, some rugged and destitute of verdure, others pine-covered and veiled with the tender purple haze. It may be almost black in the deep gorges or on the shadowed mountain sides, but no details are lost through the dainty curtain. Between the groups of trees the shades are different; or piles of rock, brown or gray, rear themselves from the green, velvety-looking pines, and I catch the change of colors and the outlines, the latter scarcely smoothed by the distance. The azure arch is cloudless, and of so delicate a tint it seems that one may look on and on with the conviction that his vision will reach beyond and penetrate the promised splendors of the celestial home.

But a hearty lunch will have the same effect upon one here with heaven in sight as in places less magnificent. Mountain sheep sliced thin with a little French mustard and the Professor's biscuit make excellent sandwiches. These eaten bountifully, with such delicacies as the wilderness affords in the way of wild raspberries and a bottle of Bass (at least they called it so), have a soothing tendency on a summer's afternoon. This was my experi-

ence. How long I had been asleep I'm not prepared to say, but I had no unpleasant dreams, and by the time I awoke the sun had crawled round the north side of my shelter and made my legs uncomfortably warm. I heard some one talking and recognized the voice of Cheyenne; I felt too much at ease to fully awake at once, so I drew my feet into the shade and looked out through half closed lids at the sky.

"It's a vicious habit," I heard Cheyenne say; there was no response. "I once knew a little fellow, the pet of a beautiful home, and as he grew up, the pride of a loving mother, but he went to the bad, and I think he took his start in that direction by learning to swear."

I began to think ours a Sunday school picnic, and the shadow of the morning flitted round again; but was less forbidding.

"Tell me about him — did he ever kill a man?"

"I don't think it will do you any good to hear about him; he went away from home and that was the last ever heard of him. I think he went to live with the Indians."

"I'd like to live with the Indians."

"Would you!" and Cheyenne laughed; a hearty, ringing laugh. "I don't think you would; not more than a day or so."

"Why? Did you ever live with the Indians?"

It occurred to me that it was about time to try

the stream for a little afternoon sport, so I went round to the other side of the willows. There I found Cheyenne and the boy lying among the wild flowers, each with a spear of grass in his mouth, and kicking his heels in the air. I suggested, as we should soon have to be going to camp, that we try the deep water near the grove.

There was a gravel bar just at the head of the place I mentioned, and the dry bed of an outlet from an old beaver pond joined the river at the foot of the bar. The water was from six to ten feet in depth, and the current had cut out the bank so that it was almost perpendicular and quite six feet high and continued so nearly to the foot of the island. I went down to the bar and sent the coachman out to the smooth water under the bank and below the mouth of the little outlet. Of course trout were there, a stranger to the water would select such a place intuitively, and if he failed, he would be sure to have come over him that feeling of depression akin to despair. On the other hand, if at the first cast, as soon as the lure touched the water it was taken in, as if the victim of deceit had been waiting specially, his creel would grow heavy in happy imagination. At the first cast a half pound trout brought to me that lightness of heart; the second cast was made with that confidence which commands success, and the third with certainty; at the fourth there was a return from certainty to

confidence, and the fifth was incumbered with a doubt; that being removed, the conviction that a dozen were certain asserted itself, and the charm began to wane; but I made the sixth and the witchery was quite broken.

"Where is the Professor? Oh! there you are — come down here and beat my score."

"Well, I don't know — I'll see."

The usually sober countenance of the Professor was unrelieved by any ray of hope, as I gave him my place and joined the others on the bank.

I sometimes think the Professor is gifted with what some people term a judicial turn of mind, to wit: a natural disposition to receive everything not absolutely tangible with some degree of misgiving; never disposed to give an opinion until the other side is heard and then is more in doubt than before and trusts to luck for a happy conclusion. Herbert Spencer says he don't like that kind of intellect, and that's one of the reasons why Herbert and the majority don't train well together.

There is no comfort in the company of a man who knows everything — one feels too safe, and when one gets to be absolutely safe, he is liable to rust or go to the devil before his mission is accomplished. The Professor, as a matter of course, don't worship the Philosopher, and he is the only man I have been able to find who does not — ex-

cept one. I asked him his opinion of the Philosopher on the subject of education, and he said:

"There is nothing new in that; every mother in the land could tell you the same."

I thought this an exaggeration, and inquired why they did not bring up their children better, and his answer was:

"Because they are mothers, and prefer men and women to intellectual machines."

The Professor says there is no such thing as great minds or great men; one man has the faculty of expressing what he thinks, another man not, but both may think alike; the one is called a great man the other a common one. He says the Philosopher is not entitled to be called great in any sense, because he don't think by a process different from other men and can't at all times express what he thinks and make himself clear to the common understanding. The lack of ability in that behalf, on the part of the Philosopher, he attributes to a lack of mastery of the subjects he attempts to treat of. That which a man comprehends he can convey to the least developed intellect; that which he does not thoroughly understand he cannot impart to any one. The only thing he does is to set some other mind thinking with a chance of producing a fuller development of his crudity.

This last admission I conceived a weak point in the Professor's armor, and suggested that he who set another thinking accomplished something. But there is no combating the Professor in these moods, with any hope of gratifying results. We should have pages of dull disquisition on the stuff that dreams are made of, instead of pure air, clear skies and crystal waters: these are what we are here for, and there is more in them than is "dreamed of in your philosophy."

I am not disposed to prevent the Professor having a fair chance, especially after giving up my place to him in a patronizing spirit, and desire him to send his coachman under the bank. But he breaks out in a tone of annihilation:

"They are frauds, all, I tell you, by these pickers and stealers," and he lengthened his line for another cast.

"Professor, you'll meet with no success in your present excited condition," interposed the Doctor; "your occupation should beget gentleness."

"Well, I don't know," was the murmured response, as the Professor relapsed into his wonted manner and reeled off another yard of line. "There ought to be a trout by that bit of fallen willow,—and there is — a big one — see that!"

As the Professor concluded he suddenly raised his rod in the direction of his left shoulder; the light tool responded quickly to the weight on the

hook and the reel whirred out its attractive roundelay. We caught a glimpse only of his troutship as he started diagonally across stream; but the rush of the line sent the crystal drops flying in a fashion that denoted the grandest capture of the day. The boy became exhilarated, threw his hat in the air and yelled "bully;" then, suddenly looking my way, he changed his manner, recovered his head-gear and grinned. By this time the Professor had succeeded in turning his captive, and it was now making a bee line for the vicinity of its first trouble, but did not come to the surface. Before reaching the fallen willow it turned again and started for the Professor, who had not changed the rod to his left hand and now had no time to do so. He seemed equal to the emergency, however. By backing off rapidly and drawing in the slack with his left hand and allowing it to drop at his feet, he succeeded in keeping all taut, until the fish finding it was running its nose into the gravel bar, started off again across stream. The last dash came near proving fatal to the Professor's success — the line started through his fingers so suddenly that he let go.

"Your line seems to be hot, Professor," said the Doctor.

"'Nay, it is — I know not seems,'" was the laughing response, as the Professor shook the singed member and blew upon it. He was equal

to this occasion, also, for he checked the run of the line by pressing his finger upon it, but was very glad to change his rod to the left hand, then he had command of the reel and felt himself master of the situation.

"Now, your Philosopher," said the Professor, throwing a quick glance in my direction, "would say that the labor and skill I am expending here give me a better right than any other man to this fish I've caught,— steady, now, he's coming this way again —"

"But you have not caught him yet, Professor."

"He is mine — I saw the evidence of victory after he turned the last time, he showed a little of his side uppermost; though he fights bravely, don't he? Your Philosopher is not satisfied with my right over any one man, but requires that I make my right greater than the rights of all other men put together, otherwise I have no right, and my claim is conceded as a matter of convenience only. If my right is greater than that of any one man, is my right not established? Steady, he shows side up and will weigh five pounds — by the same token if I have the toothache or a broken leg, I must ask the combined world for leave to enjoy my misery alone, or invite it to join me — the world no doubt would esteem it a convenience to leave me in the exclusive possession — steady — of my lame leg

or bad tooth — the 'convenience' is a lame and impotent conclusion."

"Will you not admit, Professor, that he who says: 'When each man is true to himself — when every one strives to realize what he thinks the highest rectitude — then must all things prosper' — is not only a good man but a great one."

"No!— Cheyenne will you come and help me — not unless he lives it; and as to greatness — Steady now, Cheyenne — let me back off a little further — there you are! Have I not said they are frauds, all, from Diogenes to your Philosopher; and the cynical old ass with his tub was as great a fraud as his visitor: 'Were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes' — drunk when he said it. Think of it! great men! Egotism, rather — it flaunts in a tub or in purple, and has, since the history of man, perhaps before. There never was but one great man, and Him they crucified!"

To assist the Professor, Cheyenne had waded out into the stream and got below the fish; watching his opportunity when the trout, in its weak efforts, presented its side, Cheyenne deftly slipped his hands under it and pitched it upon the bar. The Professor paused long enough to relieve the trout of the hook and to tap it on the head with a stone and then broke out again:

"Because you are three, there on the bank, have

you any better right to this fish than I have? I —"

"Professor," said Cheyenne, still standing in the water, "has it ever occurred to you that the Philosopher you are berating may have borrowed his theory from the One you reverence?"

"I don't care where he got his theory — will he divide his loaf with his neighbor as did the One I reverence? that's the question! What's the good of all this theorizing, anyway: the world's no better for it, that I can see?"

"It's none the worse, Professor, and the Philosopher is only one more added to the grand army who try to benefit their fellows by precept, if nothing else."

"This business is getting heavy," broke in the Doctor, "it's about supper time, and we ought to be heading for camp."

Cheyenne smiled in his amiable way and waded ashore, while the Professor lifted his beautiful trophy from the gravel and held it up, seeking admiration — it scaled four pounds and three ounces.

"What do you think, now, about ants, angle worms and big trout. Do you call that a dream?"

"Oh, no, Professor," answered the Doctor, soothingly, "it's Faith's guerdon; but hurry, I'm hungry."

The Professor's face lighted up with a smile brighter than any that had visited there during two days.

While the Doctor was talking, and, indeed, during all the time the Professor was entertaining himself and commanding our admiration for his skill, the Doctor was playing. He would jerk his flies from the water and throw them back again, or let them float with the current and draw them away as they threatened to drift into the bank. He appeared the personification of indifference as to the denizens of the stream, and was thinking as much about catching a trout as of shooting a hawk. He proffered the information touching the demands of his appetite, and as the Professor started in response, the Doctor evidently considered that he should not loiter after urging speed upon his friend. He would have reeled up, but in changing his rod to his left hand for that purpose he came near losing it. At the instant a trout, seemingly quite as large as the Professor's, took possession of the fly. The Doctor forgot the claims of his appetite and said:

"Hold on a minute!"

"Oh, certainly, fifteen of 'em — all night, if you say so," answered the Professor. "I've always noticed that a man with the small-pox gets over the fear of other people who have it."

"You mean by that —"

"Exactly — my ox is being gored — I'm hungry, now."

"I intend to have this fish."

"So would I, and when you get it, you will say it is yours, without our leave."

"I think I will."

Working down stream, the Doctor encountered a thick bunch of willows, growing so close to the bank it was impossible to get between it and the water. The fish was close in shore and fighting bravely; the Doctor was compelled to halt; the water was only about four feet deep, and as many from the top of the bank. He concluded to have it out there, feeling that each passing moment added assurance of final triumph. The contest interested us all and the Doctor was permitted to enjoy himself in silence. The closing struggle came at last and the exhausted captive turned upon his side. He was drawn in until the line did not exceed the length of the rod; the question then was: how to get him out. The Professor kindly volunteered to slide down the bank, hold on by the willows with one hand and seize his troutship with the other. But to this the Doctor demurred, lest the Professor might miss getting a good hold on the victim's jaw or his fingers under his gills. It was "a ticklish way," and the Doctor

thought he would prefer towing his captive up stream to the bar, and started to do so.

"You'd better be careful," said the Professor; "he is not very strongly hooked, you see."

"Oh, yes, I see; but I'll show you how easy it—"

The Doctor's boast was cut short; the trout seemed to have momentarily recovered his wind, so to speak; he gave a feeble plunge, yet sufficiently strong, with the aid of the current, to free himself; he lay on the surface almost motionless and as though he had not realized his release. The Doctor gazed at the fly in discomfiture as it came away, threw down the rod, and before we could comprehend his intentions he had executed them. Cheyenne leaped down the bank, I gave him a hand, while the Professor held on by my leg, and the former reached out for the Doctor, who was struggling to keep his feet, clasping the trout to his bosom with one arm and extending the other for rescue. Thinking of the boy, even in this emergency, I looked round and discovered he was relieving his mind by turning hand-springs and otherwise conducting himself with hilarity to an exaggerated degree.

A PIONEER.

WE had a visitor at our camp fire last night: Old Jim Weatherby. When the Professor and the rest of us were boys, dreaming about the wilderness, Old Jim was a pioneer and having daily experience in what we aspired to. In his own language, he dated "from away back." The Professor said he had been "putting this and that together" concerning Old Jim, and, as a result, had become convinced that the pioneer was something over three hundred years of age. He had been through the Mexican war and every other unpleasantness. He was a son of Missouri; he had fillibustered with Walker, and, under that versatile Tennesseean, had helped capture Granada; had been with Wellington at Waterloo, and with Cardigan at Balaklava; had fought for the independence of Texas, and was a familiar of Crockett and Bowie; had been in the Seminole fracas, and would no doubt have claimed friendship with the doughty Sir Francis Drake and his valiant crew, had the suggestion been made; he had dug gold in California, lumbered in Maine and dealt three-card-

monte in Australia. In short he had been everywhere, and, singularly enough, had been in a number of places at the same time. What he had not done would fill a small volume. Finally he had stranded on a ranch hard by, was the owner of three cows, half a dozen queer dogs and a possible homestead. He was fat with enterprise yet, and talked hopefully of going, some day, to California, with a view of starting an olive plantation. When he told me this I asked him if he had any great-grandchildren in prospect, and he said he didn't know, he "hadn't had a round-up lately." The point of the inquiry was lost on him. He counted among his intimate acquaintances Jim Bridger, Jim Baker and Jim Beckwourth; Kit Carson fortunately escaped, because of his name, and Captain Pffeifer was too young to be remembered. But he and the others had starved together and killed bear, buffalo and Indians.

Before I knew Old Jim his vision had become impaired and he wore a pair of goggle-eyed spectacles with steel bows. He was thin, with a promise that his nose and chin would combine some day and go on a wedding journey. It seemed to me the first time I looked at him that he had been forgotten, sure enough, and was succumbing to atmospheric influence, preparing to throw up his hands, so to speak, to mountain air and drift away.

You have been crossing a street before now, no doubt, looking perhaps to the right, and suddenly, coming from the left, an active young man in knee breeches, on a bicycle, has stolen upon and glided by you so suddenly and silently that you've hardly had time to be startled. He looked so entirely satisfied and comfortable, and got on so easily, you envied him. So it was with Old Jim Weatherby, as a liar. He was sure to come upon you from the wrong direction, and when he got started, was such a reliable and conscientious liar, and so easy withal, that he produced the same impression as does the young man on the bicycle.

Old Jim lighted his pipe with an ember picked up in his fingers from the camp fire, settled himself upon the best camp chair, crossed his legs and arms and felt at home.

"I say," said he, pointing to a bit of topaz the Doctor wore on his watch-chain; "that 'ere toe-*paz* reminds me of a hunt I had oncet in the Wind River country, in forty-six — me an' Jim Bridger — you didn't know Jim? No! I know'd him; he had sand, bet-yer-life."

I wondered what possible connection the trinket could have with a hunt in the Wind River country. But neither time nor distance nor lack of fitness daunted Old Jim. He could bring a "reminder" from a greater distance than any mortal I ever met.

"Yes," he continued, "I see him crease a grizzly oncet, an' while the brute laid there, and was tearin' up the ground, Jim tickled his nose with a willer switch, jest to make him sneeze. And he did sneeze, bet-yer-life; jest sneezed hisself to death. Ever try it?" appealing to me — "No; well, try it, fust chance you git, and if you don't die laughin'. call me a Ute."

"Was that in the Wind River country?" inquired the Doctor.

"No, jest over here on the Bear."

"How about that hunt in the Wind River country, Mr. Weatherby?" came from the boy.

"Oh, yes, that. Well, you see we'd been over among the Crows, lookin' after some horses — me an' Jim — and was pikin' back. One night we went into camp on the edge of a big perarar, with plenty of wood an' water an' grass handy,— of course you allers want that, don't you know — Jest as we was fairly makin' camp,— the sun hadn't gone down,— Jim he see three antelope out on the perarar, an' said as how we'd better have one, seein' we was out of meat,— and he started. I could see 'em plain, the old buck standin' and two does layin' down, not more'n a half mile off. Jim he started an' I watched him goin' toward them antelope, till I jedged he'd got about the right distance, then he stopped an' blazed away, but didn't hit nothin'. The two that was layin'

down got up an' they all went to feedin'. Jim he let drive agin, but the antelope went on feedin' jest the same. He raised his rifle an' blazed away oncet more but nary hoof started. Jim could knock a hole in a dollar's far's he could see it, an' I begun to wonder why he didn't hit that buck — I know'd he fired at the buck, of course, — an' worse than that, I couldn't cipher why the durn critters didn't light out; but they went on feedin' same as if they was by theirselves. Bymby, Jim he give 'em another — and them things went on feedin', jest the same. Then Jim he started on and walked, mebbe a hundred yards, then I see him stop an' turn round an' head for camp, an' the antelope went on feedin' jest the same. When he got in I ast him why he hadn't killed the buck."

"'Kill hell!' says he, 'them things is four miles away.'"

"I looked at Jim and felt kinder oneasy, but I know'd he hadn't been drinkin', of course, an' I ast him what he meant, an' he said 'jest you go an' see,' an' I went. When I got a hundred yards, *I* let drive, — I know'd I couldn't miss the buck at that distance — but the antelope went on feedin' jest the same. I blazed away again, an' they went on feedin' same as before. I got kinder oneasy myself, but I shoved in another catridge an' walked on. When I got to whar Jim turned back I found I wer climbin' a mighty steep hill, an' there

was them antelope feedin' away jest the same. I see how it wer and went back to camp."

"'You know how it is yourself,' said Jim."

"'Bet-yer-life,' said I — but who'd believe it?'"

"'Nobody,' said he."

"'Right agin,' said I, 'less they see it.'"

Old Jim's pipe had gone out, and while he, with great deliberation, was raking out another coal, the boy, who was lying by the side of Cheyenne, became impatient, and inquired, of course.

"Oh no, sonny, they wasn't upside down," responded Jim, pulling away vigorously for a good light. "No, twarn't no *mi*rage — you see, sonny, there wer a mountain twixt us and them antelope."

The boy was bewildered, so was I, but the lad suddenly arose to the emergency.

"How could you see through a mountain, Mr. Weatherby?"

"Why, you couldn't, sonny, of course not; everybody knows you couldn't see through a mountain,— that is, a common mountain."

"What kind of a mountain was it?"

"That's jest it, sonny — that's the reason me an' Jim said nobody'd believe it 'less they see it. But it was a mountain all the same, sonny — a quartz mountain,— clear's glass, an' magnifyin', an' more'n three thousand feet high, an' them antelope was more'n three miles off, lookin's natral as

life; an' there, me an' Jim'd been wastin' powder and lead shootin' inter the side of that durn hill."

"When did you say it was?"

"In the summer of forty six, sonny, long before you was born."

"Wasn't you in the Mexican war?"

"All through it sonny — got a hole in my leg now, made with a copper ball —"

"Why, see here, Mr. Weatherby —"

But Cheyenne put his arm round the boy's neck and pressed his cheek against the lad's. When Old Jim inquired what the boy wanted, the latter said: "Oh, nothing."

"I think I have heard that story before," said the Doctor.

"*There* it is, now — you suit me — I've told that 'ere a dozen times — so's Jim — and nearly every time some galoot's ready to *in*quire. But didn't we see them antelope, didn't we shoot at 'em, an' git nary hoof! ain't that proof enough! *I* should say so, fur a Christian — but you suit me, *you* do."

Old Jim replenished his pipe, put a live coal on top of it and resumed his seat; silence reigned for five minutes, and was broken by Jim.

"Speakin' 'bout wind reminds me of a hurri*cane* I see oncet down in old Missouri — 'twan't so long 'go, neither — in fifty-four, in the summer — down in Dunklin county — you know whar that is — the durndest place fur fever'n ager on

earth — cypress trees and water till ye can't rest. Me an' a cousin of mine — his name was Weatherby, too,— Jim Weatherby;— named fur me. He wer a tall slim feller as ever ye see — cut his feet off an' durned if he wouldn't a made a ramrod fur a double-barrel shot-gun. He wer a good feller, Jim wer, but he got killed in that 'are hurri*cane;* we got him a comfortable coffin an' put him in an' he made as peart a corpse as ever ye see, he did. Well, it 'd been almighty hot an' still all mornin,' an' 'long after dinner I see two black clouds hangin' off northwest — you know what them mean — hangin' like a pair of big funnels, swingin' and bangin' roun' an' all the time comin' nearder together. Bymby they hitched into one another and come on cleanin' up everythin' in sight. They past on half a mile east of whar I wer, and waltzed through a lot of timber — cypress — an', you hear me, it jest stripped the bark off'n them trees, little twigs an' all, clean — just like peelin' the bark from a willer branch, an' them there trees stood up naked. One of the funniest things I see that day, though, was an owl — one of them big fellers with horns — he wer stripped clean, pin feathers an' all; I see him settin' on a limb, lookin' round 's though he wanted to git in the shade. I never see anythin' like it before or sense."

Jim's pipe had gone out, and as he hunted for another coal the Professor inquired of him if he

had ever witnessed a Kansas Cyclone, or the effects of one. Jim said he never had — he didn't "like Kansas, no way."

"They had a hurricane down there last summer," continued the Professor, "that took away all the trees and left the bark standing; trunks, branches and all were twisted out, and I picked up a quail, from under a hazel bush; it looked as pretty and plump as any bird you ever saw, but it was only the skin and feathers."

Having thus unburdened his mind, the Professor glanced out of the tail of his eye at Jim. The latter puffed away in silence and with an absolute stolidity of visage. Finally he admitted he had never seen "anythin' 's bad as that;" nevertheless he was doubtful.

"Why, Jim, I've got a piece of the bark from one of those trees," protested the Professor. "Some day, when you are at the Springs, I'll show it to you — it is as hard as if it were petrified."

"That's different, if you've got the bark — there's no disputin' facts, of course. But speakin' about petrified bark reminds me of a tree I see oncet over on the Snake,— me an' Jim Bridger found it — it's a whole tree standin' petrified, roots an' branches — it's a big tree; two feet thick. An' there was a bird settin' up in it on a limb,

an' the bird was petrified, a jay bird — but part of his tail feathers had got broke off."

"Oh, yes," chimed in the Professor, "I've seen that tree and the bird; I think, however, it is not a jay, but a camp-robber; yes, I remember — the bird was singing, or had been, hadn't he?" appealing to Jim. "Yes, the bird had been singing and the song was cropping out of his bill, and that was petrified too; you could see the notes plain. Yes, that's quite a curiosity. That tree stands between the forks that join about a mile from the river, just over northwest from Jim Baker's place. It is the same tree, isn't it?"

Jim tapped his pipe on the toe of his boot, knocked out the ashes, solemnly shook his head, stowed the pipe in his coat pocket and arose.

"No, I don't think that's the tree — the one I mean is furder down stream, 'bout two miles southwest from Jim's place — it's gittin' late — reckon I'll light out — ef you git over to Snake, tell Jim I'm here."

After Old Jim had disappeared, the boy wanted to know if we were going to Snake River, and seemed disappointed when I told him I thought not; he said he wanted to see Jim Baker. I began to think the business of the evening infectious and advised him to go to bed, promising that some time I would tell him about an Indian wedding.

I may say here that subsequently I inquired of Jim Baker touching his knowledge of Weatherby and he said he had never heard of him. When I told him of Weatherby's claims and the stories he had related, the old man gently scratched his cheek, and laughing quietly, said:

"The country's full of 'em. About the yarns, though, some of them are Jim Bridger's, that's a fact — he was always up to that kind of business; but he generally knew enough to tell 'em to men from the States."

EQUALITY.

THE Doctor and the boy crawled into their blankets; the Professor refilled his pipe and, nodding his head in the direction of the retreating Mr. Weatherby, remarked, between puffs:

"That chap would make a nihilist, if he would give himself the chance."

"Why so?" inquired Cheyenne.

"Because he is good for nothing;" and then, after a few vigorous whiffs, "I am sorry to do away with the belief in the orthodox hell and a personal devil."

Cheyenne — "Why?"

Professor — "To influence most men, their fears must be appealed to."

Cheyenne — "I don't agree with you — so long as we can teach dogs and monkeys, we can teach men."

Professor — "To be a teacher is to be master of the subject to be taught and of one's self. We have too many and yet too few teachers. As to the dog — when you have educated him he will deprive the first dog he meets of his bone."

Cheyenne — "He has a right to."

Professor — "Then you believe in strife; that every man is a law unto himself?"

Cheyenne — "I believe in equal rights."

Professor — "To secure permanency of equal rights, it is essential that equality be first established. My experience teaches me there is no such thing as equality, hence equal rights are impossible."

Cheyenne — "Your experience! You should read history."

Professor — My experience, it is true, is only a 'picture in little,' but it repeats the story."

Cheyenne — "Then there has been no advancement, you think, in the last few thousand years."

Professor — "The character only of education has been changed."

Cheyenne — "How am I to understand that?"

Professor — "Men pursue the same object which they have since the beginning; their methods, only, are different."

Cheyenne — "What object?"

Professor — "Supremacy, of course; individually and in the aggregate."

Cheyenne — "May not that passion be eradicated?"

Professor — "We have but little evidence in eighteen hundred years."

Cheyenne — "But you must admit there has

been some intellectual development during that time?"

Professor — "In certain directions with individuals, perhaps; but this does not admit the possibility even of intellectual development to a common standard, and such development is, to my mind, one of the essentials."

Cheyenne — "May not there be a development to a common standard?"

Professor — "No more than humanity can be developed to the same moral standard."

Cheyenne — "But high intellectual development serves to control the passions of men?"

Professor — "Intellectual development may be an aid to moral advancement; it is not a specific against moral depravity, by any means. But for your argument's sake, be careful about the admission of the control of anything — you must not admit the control of intellect over any passion, it might interfere with some man's rights."

Cheyenne — "Well, do you mean to declare that the moral standard of to-day is no higher than it was, say, two thousand years ago?"

Professor — "In truth, not a whit. The education you boast of has developed, among other vices, secretiveness. To my mind, man is no different to-day from man in the time of Adam. He has learned to hide himself, merely; his artificial life demands it; his fears are appealed to."

Cheyenne — "Then you think mankind has not advanced?"

Professor — "Only in a civilization of his own creation, which is inefficient."

Cheyenne — "Why do you say that?"

Professor — "It has proved itself so; its corner-stone is the seemingly ineradicable natural attribute — self! Your boasted civilization would stand still without it, or fall down. With it, a true life is impossible."

Cheyenne — "What do you call a true life?"

Professor — "That which has its foundation in the admonition to 'love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Cheyenne — "That, of course, you believe to be impossible?"

Professor — "Not impossible — we have had a few examples to establish the possibility."

Cheyenne — "I am afraid you class man but little higher than the brutes."

Professor — "Nevertheless, capable of being but 'little lower than the angels.'"

Cheyenne — "Then if man were not selfish he would be perfect, you think?"

Professor — "Capable of perfection — as was the Nazarene, and, until he is so, a hell is needed to keep him in check."

Cheyenne — "Oh, but this is old."

Professor — "Therefore give it heed. The world

is liable to forget things that are old, and hence old things become new. Teach my neighbor how to let me love him, and two of us, at least, will be on the high road to equal rights."

Cheyenne — "He might say the same of you," laughingly.

Professor — "True, and that is one reason of many for my saying there can be no such condition as equality. We are not built for it. Go into the timber and you will find the trees resemble each other, but no two are exactly alike; so with the flowers. Reduce the population of the world to one hundred, and one of the number will soon be in the lead; he will drift there, naturally; put impediments in the way and he will surmount them. I do not believe there is such a thing as equality in nature, and I do not think man supernatural. Equality necessarily implies absolute perfection in all the elements that go to make up equality; without equality there can be no stability for equal rights. You say you believe in the teachings of the Master, yet you say you would have equal rights, even through strife. His teaching was sometimes politic, perhaps,— he would 'render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' but there was no element of strife implied. He recommended to: 'Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge.'

There was in this deference to other men's laws and adherence to his own. 'If men could be taught to love one another, this earth would realize Paradise;' this was the cardinal principle in the life of a poet persecuted as an infidel by a Lord Chancellor, who assumed to walk in the path marked out by the Master. The Master respected the laws; are we better than He that we should disobey them? Your boasted civilization is a perversion of what he taught, but do not tear even that down until you know and have perfected a plan for a better. It is an experiment shown to be awry because the builders put a stone into the foundation contrary to instruction. It will require more than mere intellect, my boy, to devise the way for patching up the structure and to make it harmonious in all its parts."

Cheyenne — "You would have us understand, Professor, that Christian civilization is a failure?"

Professor — "My dear fellow, *you* ought to understand that nine-tenths of the dissensions among men and much of the trouble of this life grow out of a misunderstanding of terms. Show me a Christian civilization and I will show you what you say you would fight for — equal rights, as near as humanity can acquire that boon. The stone that the Master rejected the builders have not only set into the foundation, but they have sought to make it the head of the corner. When you teach every

man that there is someone else in the world besides himself you may have *hope* of equal rights; when you teach every man to live as Christ lived you will *have* equal rights as near as they are attainable."

Cheyenne — "But, Professor, I don't think it possible to live as he did."

Professor — "He proved the possibility."

Cheyenne — "But, my dear Professor, he was divine."

Professor — "I do not understand that he claimed to be so, and therein you detract from his grandeur and would shelter your weakness under a mere assertion. It is not safe to allow any man to manufacture evidence in his own case. His purpose only was divine, as I understand it, and he went about to achieve that purpose in the only logical way. You can find his cardinal principle nowhere in your civilization — only the ghost of it flitting about, humbly seeking recognition."

Cheyenne — "It seems to me, Professor, that you are crossing your own track; you would have a hell and a personal devil, as you call them, nevertheless you contend that love and not fear must be the controlling influence to secure happiness?"

Professor — "Remember what I have said about talking at cross-purposes. As we are, we need the hell; as we ought to be, hell would be useless. Men have written libraries on the theory of how

to live and called it philosophy, and have failed withal in demonstrating the practicability of their wisdom. Without writing, one man has, by his own life, demonstrated the possibility you seek, and has given you the secret of his success. What one man has done in that direction another ought to be able to accomplish."

Cheyenne — "I do not believe it possible."

Professor — "Then abandon your hope of equal rights — you will reach that end, if at all, only through that channel."

The Doctor — "You two would better give over your plans for reforming the world and get to bed."

"If every man," continued the Professor, not heeding the Doctor's interruption, "would measure his rights according to his own capacity, instead of some other man's supposed success, we would have fewer tramps."

"It would be a difficult task to bring men out of that rut," said Cheyenne.

"So much the better reason for attempting it — but it would not be so difficult if you could impress upon every man that some responsibility attached to him individually for a proper use of the talent he is endowed with. Teach men that the lot of humanity is to work — something they seem to forget by confounding wealth and its influence with idleness — then let every man do his best."

"But, Professor, this has been taught, time out of mind."

"Taught! preached, you mean, not practiced."

"The task is too much involved — the conditions are too many."

"Only for our present discussion — don't deny your assertion that men may be taught as well as dogs and monkeys, and the task of bettering the condition of men (called the masses) may not be utterly hopeless, in this country at least. I think success rests mainly in the idea of self-dependence, excluding, of course, the physically and mentally unfortunate. No man sound in mind and body should need a guardian. Make it understood that every man must do for himself and not wait for someone else; let him know there are no sinecures — if he will live up to that, when he comes to die it will be found that he has fulfilled his purpose and his life has not been a failure. If every man will determine for himself that he will not be a pauper, paupers will become scarcer. Let me give you an instance; it came under my own observation and will serve to illustrate what I mean, briefly. Thirty years ago I knew a young man, a first-class mechanic, because he took pride in making himself a first-class workman. He belonged to the Union of his craft; there came a strike, he joined it, believing the occasion justifiable. A few weeks' marching with bands of music and listening to

speech-making by way of employment sufficed to exhaust his savings. Work was to be had, of course, at the old wages, but in establishments under the ban. He could not do that work and maintain his dignity; Saturday night was coming around, and his landlady and washerwoman must be satisfied. The same dignity that prohibited his working in forbidden places made him understand that he could not depend upon two, quite as poor as himself, for food and clean linen. He could get work at his trade, in a reputable place, but could hardly make half his former income; others would not touch it, but he took it, passed the crisis, kept out of debt, preserved his own dignity and that of his craft, and after the expiration of three months started life again under the old terms. He had learned his second lesson in the anti-pauper school. He quit working for wages, as it is called, many years ago, and pays wages now — but he works, you can take your oath. Being a respecter of men I have known him treat a wood-sawyer and a bank president with the same degree of courtesy — they being gentlemen."

"If you fellows don't go to bed, I'll shove a stick of giant under you!" exclaimed the Doctor from his blankets.

"That's his road to equal rights," said the Professor with an indulgent smile, as Cheyenne bade us good night.

"You spoke of a second lesson, Professor — what was the first?" I inquired.

"I thought you had 'caught on' as Mr. Weatherby would express it — he was unlike Ephraim."

"Ephraim?"

"'Ephraim, he hath mixed himself among the people, Ephraim is a cake not turned' — in other words, my friend didn't quit his apprenticeship half baked."

ROMANCE.

MY belief that the boy would call upon me at an inopportune moment touching the Indian wedding is resolving itself into a certainty; I hear him whistling, a shrill, penetrating whistle, an accomplishment he has reduced to a science and demonstrates without the aid of his fingers. He flattens his lips against his teeth and turns on the full capacity of his lungs, backed up, it would seem, by every muscle in his neck and face; his mother would not recognize him. If I were a mile away I could hear him; being only a few rods I appeal to him in self-preservation. He appears immediately, bearing the remains of another striped snake, and I inquire of him how many he has killed since we made camp in the vicinity of Blind Horse Gulch.

"I dunno."

"Why do you kill them?"

"I dunno — except for fun."

"Shake hands."

"Ouch — don't — you hurt — what you squeezin' my hand so for?"

"If I should say to you: 'just for fun,' you would think me cruel. But I want you to know that he who wantonly injures or takes the life of any harmless thing, libels his own manhood."

"I'm not a man" — with a grin.

"It is a good time to learn manly ways, in some things, and cruelty is not manly."

"Don't everybody kill snakes?"

"No, sir — not those that are harmless."

"Well, the snakes kill the trout — I've heard you say so; and the Bible says you may, anyhow."

"Snakes kill trout as we kill chickens — to eat. Would you eat a snake?"

The thought caused him to shudder and came near depriving him of his breakfast, besides making him forget his reference to Divine authority. Then I tried to explain to him that the loathing was the mere outgrowth of a prejudice; that the prejudice was founded on superstition; that as an emblem of evil the serpent had been condemned by some peoples, venerated by others as holy; and speedily got beyond his depth and my own. I was well content to escape the dilemma by suggesting that the popular theory concerning snakes was very much like the Indian's theory concerning the white man: If a white man injures an Indian the latter never thinks of singling out the aggressor but scalps the first white man he meets, or any number of white men, when he can do so with

safety to himself. My digression had the desired effect — the boy inquired at once about the Indian wedding.

"Once upon a time a great chief, named Deekitcis, fell in love with Tataka, the daughter of another great chief. Deekitcis called himself the 'Eagle of his Tribe,' and — "

"What did he call himself an Eagle for?"

"Well — the eagle, you know, is the emblem of liberty, and as Deekitcis took the liberty of stealing everything he could lay his hands on, I suppose he concluded the name appropriate. When Deekitcis ascertained that he worshiped Tataka, and reflected that he had no one to do the chores at his tepee, nor carry his household goods when on the march, he made known his passion to her father, old Nazulataka, and offered half a dozen ponies for Miss Tataka. Old Nazulataka accepted the offer. The father and the prospective groom being great men, it was determined to have a wedding calculated to inspire envy in other royal households of the tribe, and the bride-elect was in no wise averse. It was not every young lady who could esteem herself of the value of half a dozen ponies, and this young lady was moved by a very proper ambition for the leadership in society — "

"Were they going to town to live?"

"Not that I am aware of — so the wedding day was fixed, and the young lady's female friends and

relatives set about making preparations. They drove old Nazulataka out of his tepee, invitations were printed and mailed to the elite — "

"What's the elite?"

"Those who had stolen the greatest number of ponies and had them to show — then they cut and snipped and basted, and scattered pins and needles, and kept the sewing machines running night and day for a week, to say nothing of the roasting and baking in the kitchen. Finally the wedding day arrived, and the groom, with his best man attending, sought the tepee of the bride's father. The old man, appareled in a battered silk hat and a blue army shirt over his leggins, blouse fashion, received them with ceremony — What are you laughing at?"

"That old fellow with his shirt out of his pants — why didn't he tuck it inside?"

"Well, I suppose he was a gentleman of the old school, with a contempt for the brains of his valet — The groom was gorgeously attired in a gray blanket, beaded, with a button-hole bouquet of castilia, buckskin leggins, a club in one hand and the remains of a dutch oven in the other. His moccasins — "

"But what was he going to do with a club and a dutch oven at a wedding?"

"Well, I suppose they were intended as symbols of wedded life — his moccasins were elaborate

and beautiful, having been worked by his intended for the occasion, and to advise him, perhaps, of her qualifications as a helpmeet. He had several scalps at his girdle — white men's scalps; and one of his best men, with a Winchester, attended in the double office of esquire and groomsman. Inside the capacious tepee of old Nazulataka the bride's relatives and the invited guests sat on the ground in a circle, while the bride and her maids stood in the center. When it was announced that the groom had arrived the band played 'Hail to the Chief;' after this, the ladies and gentlemen remaining seated, chanted a dirge. The groom was, by old Nazulataka, then ushered into the presence of the assembled guests. He advanced immediately to the bride, presented her with the dutch oven, shouldered his club and taking his bride by the hand led her to his own tepee; shortly afterwards the couple returned, without the club and the oven, to participate in the wedding feast — and that is all. How do like it?"

"There is not much of it; and I dunno — you forgot to tell how the bride was dressed."

"So! you are interested in that?"

"You said they kept the sewing machines running so long —"

"Well — you see the sewing machines were old-fashioned, altogether different from the present patented article. But the combination you wish

to hear about was recherche, while the fit was delicately exquisite, like the case on a Bologna. It was a 'symphony,' so to speak, in buffalo and buckskin, with a long court train and side panels outlined in red government blanket, and the graceful draperies were looped up with cactus blooms on raw-hide lariats; a petticoat of antelope skin with badger fur loops and elk horns of green ox hide traced across the front of the skirt. She had a V-shaped corsage embellished with a garniture of prairie fox hair, and on the shoulders epaulets of yellow and red, with white cotton gloves on her hands. Her ornaments were snail shells and battered Mexican dollars, a fraction of a mirror, a high Rembrandt collar of bears' claws, and bracelets of deers' teeth. Her moccasins and leggins were of the usual style — that is about as clear as I can remember."

"Tell me what she had on her head."

"That's impossible. Put that dead snake out of sight and promise me you will not kill another."

"All right — but didn't she have any trousers?"

"Trousers?"

"Why, you know — nighties and —"

"I'll have to refer you to some local reporter, for information on the subject, my boy."

This morning I discovered a sheet of ice an eighth of an inch thick in the water pail. I noticed that the leaves of the Crane's Bill were begin-

ning to turn red and the delicate pinkish purple flower was losing its freshness and curling up its edges. It occurred to me to suggest to the Doctor these signs of autumn, and that we would better be moving unless we intended to winter on the Yampa. When I did so, later in the evening, he said one frost didn't make an autumn, but was good as against mosquitos and horse flies. He concluded, however, that we should move on, as the Professor paused in the act of rolling up a night log on the camp fire. He paused because of a pistol shot; borne along with the sharp, wicked report were the sounds of human voices pitched to a high key, and as suddenly as the noise broke upon the sweet tranquillity, all was still again. Cheyenne said good night and disappeared, the Doctor turned in and left the Professor and myself with our brier-roots fresh aglow as the concluding solace of a pleasurable day. Taken at such a time

> "The pipe with solemn interposing puff
> Makes half a sentence at a time enough."

In the days of Blind Horse prosperity a single pistol shot was not a matter of moment, and generally attributable to tangle-foot hilarity; when you heard two or more simultaneously or very close together you could expect a man for breakfast, and not be disappointed. The foregoing, sub-

stantially, came from the Professor in the manner expressed by the couplet. And then, between puffs, he detailed a bit of Cheyenne's history that was new to me. It had for its foundation the same old cause that has been presented in all sorts of combinations, and yet without which no romance is complete nor any life worth living. Cheyenne's failure sent him to the frontier and into the wilderness; he had drifted and matured. There came to Blind Horse, one "Boise," who wore white shirts, and hip pockets in his neatly fitting trousers; his business was at once apparent. One evening during a friendly game with a popular young gentleman called Curley, there occurred a slight misunderstanding which resulted in Boise resorting unnecessarily to one of his hip pockets. There was a largely attended funeral the next day with somewhat lax religious ceremony, and but for the interference of Cheyenne, Blind Horse would have indulged in the luxury of a summary hanging. It was on that day our friend stood in front of Boise, insisting upon "law and order," and facing a crowd of determined and angry men. He held a revolver cocked, to enforce his demand, and from being generally liked as a quiet and gentlemanly fellow, he thereafter became respected and as one to be looked up to in an emergency. Boise was put under guard to await the justice tardily meted out in the courts in those days, and, save for the principle insisted on

by Cheyenne, the premature verdict as a rule could rarely be charged with being a mistaken one. Unfortunately for Boise, the night after the funeral he made his escape from the guards, and the next morning his body was found half a mile from the camp, with a dozen buckshot in it; Cheyenne took charge of the remains and had them decently buried, and there was not a "shooting scrape" in Blind Horse for nearly a year afterwards. In less than a month a lady with a pretty little fair-haired child came to Blind Horse, and the moment she saw Cheyenne upbraided him bitterly and charged him with the murder of her husband — as boys at school even, they could not get on well together. He said not a word to her in his own defense, but he did not lack advocates. When the bereaved woman learned the truth, she came back to him on her knees, it was said. Whatever may have been Boise's faults, he had loved and been true to her. Cheyenne did not even contradict this avowal, because he could not comprehend it, perhaps, and the lady and the child disappeared.

The Professor seems to be one of those peculiarly constituted mortals who develop upon one, so to speak. He exhibited himself to me next morning in a wholly new and unexpected role: that of poet. I should as soon have thought of charging him with highway robbery. While helping him with the breakfast dishes, we heard the

notes of a sand-hill crane from up the river. I asked the Professor if he had ever tasted crane; he said he had and liked it.

"And that reminds me," he continued, "I once wrote some verses on the crane — I'm not given to that sort of thing, but" — he said it in a shame-faced, self-depreciating sort of way, with a glance at me out of the tail of his eye, "but if you'd like to see 'em —"

I tried to anticipate him by saying that I had a weakness for poets, as a rule, and would be delighted. How happy he looked, as he submitted to me:

"THAT CRANE."

The sand-hill crane is a dignified bird
  As he stands by the edge of a pool;
He cocks his eye and leaves it inferred
  He is 'fly;' or, in Saxon, he's nobody's fool.

He sails with a rudder that trails out behind,
  Like fingers done up in a splint;
And that lover of his is a weight on his mind,
  While the sportsman is picking his flint.

This dignified bird has a dignified song —
  To one who has cultured his taste —
It leads one to hope that his life may be long,
  With cat-tails galore to his waist!

He gargles his lay with a sanctified mien,
  While he angles 'mid minnows and frogs,
And he halts now and then, his smooth feathers to preen,
  Or to watch for hunters and dogs.

This dignified song of the dignified crane
  Has a tone like the trill of a rasp,
As it cuts through the bark and slashes the grain
  Of a stick in the wood-worker's grasp.

This mellifluous bird is a dignified bird,
  With a coat that is modest and neat,
But he *will* keep the floor of his restaurant stirred
  In his efforts to shoulder his feet.

OLLA PODRIDA.

THERE must be something about the dancing light of the evening camp fire conducive to yarn-spinning, or, as it frequently happens in our camp, to debate. The Professor, by his sturdy simplicity, compels us to listen to him at times; the Doctor, delighting to wind him up, undertook to prove to him that he knew nothing, and got the following for his pains:

"I know that I am — you would know the same of yourself were you capable of thinking, which I sometimes doubt — but seriously: being conscious of my own existence, it reasonably follows that I am conscious of my own imperfection; the state of imperfection necessarily implies perfection, but I must look for it outside of and apart from myself — no man is perfect. To illustrate: light is a familiar element. We may combine certain elements or devise mechanical appliances and by them demonstrate the existence of light, imperfectly — as the light of a candle, of oil, gas, electricity — but we cannot create light; it exists independently of the candle, which is merely the

means of demonstrating to us the existence of light. So the soul or mind of man may exist without the body, the body being merely the means of demonstrating to us the existence of the soul; the candle may lie dormant, so may the body; I may demonstrate light by the candle, God only can demonstrate the existence of the soul — He being perfection. As the light is separate from and independent of the candle, so the soul may exist separate from and independent of the body; the candle burns, we have the demonstration of light; the body lives, we have the demonstration of the soul or mind; by destroying the means of demonstrating the light, or the soul, it does not follow that the light or the soul is annihilated; they are withheld merely from our certain knowledge, no longer individualized to us, but, were we perfect, the individualization would be palpable. I think our imperfection is easily established.

"If we may comprehend in part, why may we not do so in full? If we are imperfect, then there must be attainable perfection; because we cannot, as we are, attain perfection, it does not follow that perfection is not, any more than the unlighted candle demonstrates that light is not. The light of the candle is imperfect, that of the sun perfect; the candle and its light may illustrate man and his mind as he is; the sun and its light, what man may be under other conditions.

"Man can create nothing; he can think and util-

ize to his wants that which exists; this is the limit of his capacity. That he can think and thus act is of itself evidence, to my mind, of an attainable capacity to think and act in the highest degree. His capacity is merely limited to his wants as he is; it was not intended that he should get beyond this or he would have been created with greater capability; for his present needs and uses he is endowed with adequate capacity. Man's needs are different from his desires; for his needs he may not be responsible; for his desires, he is, in a measure; his needs are not of his own creation but are created with him; his desires are mainly of his own motion, but both are consistent with his present condition; his very desire is evidence of something higher in store for him, else he would not possess the capacity to desire. Laudable desires are natural because they lead toward the light; perverted desires are mere excrescences of his own creation. He is naturally endowed with the desire to laudable ends; a contrary desire is the result of false education, or the lack of education.

"It seems, to me at least, that nothing is or has been created without a purpose; why should I be an exception? Because I do not comprehend the purpose, shall I say there was no purpose? I do not believe the purpose to be that I am merely to sleep and feed; if this were all, the power to reason would be superfluous. There was a purpose in

making me capable of sleeping and feeding and in making me self-conscious. If there was a purpose in my being self-conscious and capable of reasoning, when I come to exercise the reason I confess an inability to discover the purpose; but because I fail of discovering the purpose, it does not follow that no purpose exists. Being self-conscious I know my certain imperfection. I am endowed with a will, it is for a purpose; who can exercise that attribute but myself? I am, I have a desire which is natural, I have the will to seek its gratification, it depends upon me to exercise it, I do so to the full extent, and find I cannot achieve a complete knowledge of the purpose of my creation, nor why I am endowed with mental attributes. Because I cannot comprehend it, shall I say a purpose beyond my comprehension does not exist? I did not know there was light until I saw it, but it existed. Possessing certain knowledge of my imperfection, I am bound to believe there is perfection; that I am endowed with the least degree of perfection leads to the belief that I may attain perfection, otherwise I would possess no element of perfection. If I could live forever, with mind and body growing, as they may to the allotted three score years and ten, I could acquire perfection — be on an equality with God, possessed of supreme intelligence. I must therefore believe I was put here for a purpose, and for a purpose which I can-

not comprehend beyond a given point; I know that I cannot accomplish this purpose before I must, in the course of nature, lay down the burden of striving. I cannot believe my mind was created with my body any more than that light was created when the candle was manufactured. I believe, therefore, that I was, am, and will continue to be. I do not remember what I did or failed to do before I got this far — before I realized myself as I am. I do not know what I may or may not do when I am required to go away; my business is to do the best I can with what I have to do here; the intermediate purpose is therefore clear to me; beyond that I have no doubt I shall find the work laid out on the trestle board and that I shall be able to do it if I will."

"Then you'll not put in the time playing on a golden harp?" said the Doctor, as the Professor concluded and reached out for a live coal.

"If I should I'll hunt you up and give you the job of bearing the harp."

"What have you been giving us, any way, Professor — do you call it philosophy?" inquired the Doctor.

"I have never studied the philosophers and could not understand them if I had. You have studied them and should know."

"Olla Podrida would be a good name for it."

"Just as you please — I know the ingredients and am prepared to recommend the dish."

EGERIA PARK AND THE YAMPA.

OUR next camp, for one night, was well up on the eastern slope of Gore Range, at a point known as Crazy Man's Cabin. The remains of a cabin are there, in the most picturesque spot between the mouth of Troublesome and the Gore Range. For this reason, perhaps, the man who selected it for a home was called crazy. You may think it a round-about way from Blind Horse Gulch to this point, but in the mountains the way is seldom straight. When a road is needed in this country by any one, the fellow in want starts out and keeps moving till he reaches his destination. The next man who desires to go to the same locality follows the tracks of the first one, and two wagon tracks make a road. If the first man is sober, with a notion of woodcraft, life does not always become a burden to his followers. The first man who traveled over this Range, in this vicinity at least, was a Sir, somebody Gore, an Englishman; he made his way through in 1843 with a large retinue. He was bent on exploring something; what he accomplished I don't know, nor

do I think any one else knows, except to name this Range after his precious self and leave his road as an inheritance to whomsoever might claim it. No one has done so; he can easily identify and swear to his improvements; I wished a dozen times he had returned and reclaimed his property before we reached the vicinity, or that he had permitted some other man to precede him. When one goes out prepared to travel a trail it is easy navigating an accidentally encountered road, but when one goes prepared for a road and strikes a trail!

There is a very steep hill, say of two hundred feet, to descend in approaching the old cabin. The road — everybody calls it a road — is "sidling" and has a turn within a few rods of the bottom, as abrupt as the curl of the letter J. A hundred feet or so below the summit is a creek, on the left side, of course, and just at the bend in the road the creek makes a letter S and hugs the road. From the lower edge of the road to the bottom of the creek, at this trap, the bank is perpendicular and about ten feet high. Drop the S half way down the back of the J, incline them at an angle of thirty degrees, more or less, take the "sidling" into consideration, and you are possessed of the situation. The Doctor likes to drive; he is a good driver; he started down the hill and a few seconds after he climbed out on the back of the S and

wanted to know "Who was driving that team?" As he was the only one in the wagon when it landed there, I mildly intimated that no one had driven the team. Then he said forty wagons had been wrecked in that hole and it was about time the County Commissioners were called upon and compelled to do something. I agreed with him.

In camping out one encounters many exhilarating incidents; the unloading of a wagon bottom side up in a creek at the close of a wearisome day is one; all we needed to make the situation perfect was a hard rain. When I saw our outfit going the way it did, with the Doctor on top, I concluded our outing was finished and seriously. On getting things to rights, however, we found that the wagon bows and a bottle of pickles — yes, I mean pickles — were the only articles damaged, and the water did not affect the latter to any perceptible degree — at least those which we recovered. It was nine o'clock before the camp was in condition to close up for the night. The Doctor said he was sore and went to bed. The Professor built a rousing fire with a big fallen pine for a back-log, at which we sat and discussed the possible result of the upset under forty different suppositions and became accustomed to it — that is, this particular upset. Finally the Professor crawled into the tent and left me with the camp fire and the stars.

The spot is lonesome enough to suit any ancho-

rite and wild to the utmost, especially on a quiet night. Thoughts of the former proprietor did not induce cheerfulness. With my back to the blaze, and the pines and white-trunked aspens growing indistinct in the firelight, all sorts of shapes hovered in the shadows; lunatics staring with glazed eyes out of the uncertainty and wondering what other demented mortals were afoot in their haunts. The ripple of the little brook, a short distance off, was a perpetual complaint with no token of melody. In ten minutes I became convinced that the former resident had met with mental disaster after his arrival, and his unfortunate predicament had been induced by the weird condition of the neighborhood at night after being spilled out of his wagon. The yell of a cougar would have made me nervous, and I went to bed for company; to have pleasant dreams in such a locality one should not be tired. My blankets, underneath, were full of lumps and I fell off half a dozen precipices before daylight. By that time I had become callous, I thought.

But we were not yet over Gore Range. To accomplish it we had to ease our possessions through and over half a dozen miles of stumps and stones. I wanted to go to bed again several times on the way. We finally reached a grass-covered glade, which proved something of a relief; thence over a low divide into and through a grove of aspens, at

the west of which opened a beautiful little valley. Our tribulations promised to be at an end.

Through, or rather across, this valley runs Rock Creek; so called, I presume, because it has a clean gravel bed, with not a rock in sight. Rock Creek was one of our Meccas, and we made camp near it, but up toward the timber, that access to firewood might be easy. The trout in Rock Creek are small, but beautifully marked, so the Doctor informed me. The first one I caught was about nine inches long and exactly like those in East River, one of the main sources of the Gunnison. The spots are very black and well defined, the posterior of the gill-covers almost crimson, the pectoral and ventral fins a deep salmon hue, and the sides cherry mottled along the lateral lines; the mottling is very delicate, as is the salmon tint of the belly. The little fellows were very quick, and rose freely to the coachman, but their method was new to me, and I made several ineffectual efforts before I caught the knack of it and the fish. They come with a dash, and hesitation on the part of the angler means defeat. Looking down into a pool scarcely four feet deep and so clear the clean pebbles seemed to have been newly burnished, I watched for half an hour a number of the dainty aristocrats disporting themselves. I threw them a grasshopper, and a six-inch gentleman flashed from out the depths of that pool full twice his length,

took in his prey and the next moment was poised, head up stream, in the middle of the pool. His larger brother in any other stream I am acquainted with, would, as a rule, have approached the insect with deliberation, opened his mouth and taken it in, and then dropped back to his old position. It seemed cowardly to turn my fraud loose among so much bravery, and I'm half ashamed to say I did. Indeed I would not confess but that nine and ten-inch fish are, and have been within the memory of the Doctor, the maximum size in the little creek; why it is so he has not been able to determine. And, again, I killed only enough for supper, contenting myself in feeding and watching them thereafter.

A day's rest after our experience with the Gore Range was welcome, and we took it. Early in the afternoon of the day following we came out of another aspen grove to find ourselves at the head of Egeria Park. In front of us, six or more miles away, the Castle Buttes; to the right, Timponis Rock; a little beyond, Finger Rock. We were on the verge of the land of pinnacles; over to the left thirty miles away, the Roan mountains, called indiscriminately the Flat-tops, the Roan or the Book Range. The beautiful little park is like a great meadow; and a better view of it may be had from the pass at the Castle Buttes. We are higher there and can look down into it, and catch the brown

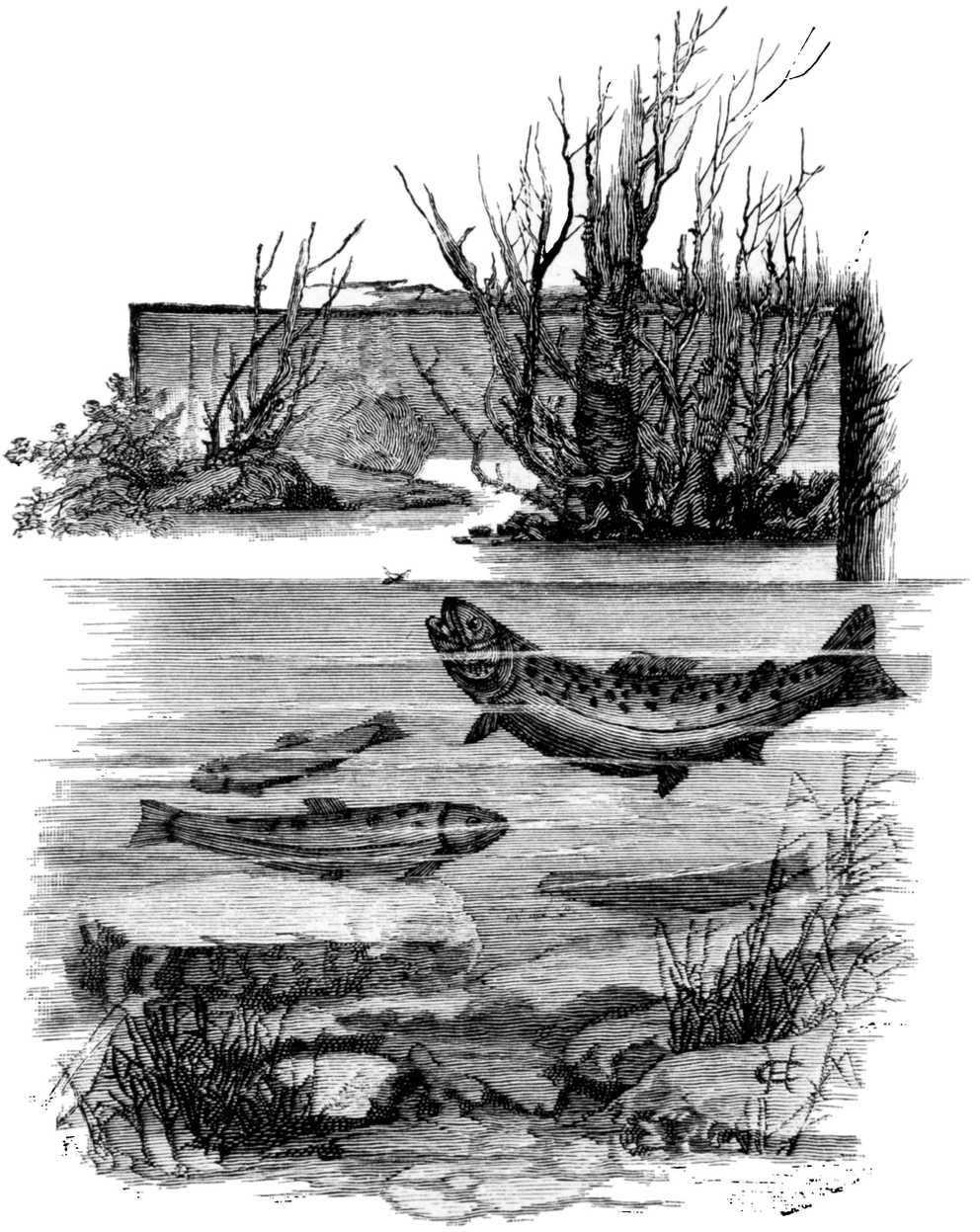
and golden tints of the ripe grass; it looks level as a floor, skirted by low-lying sparsely timbered mountains, with the Gore Range in the blue distance for a back-ground. Timponis Rock resembles its name: the Sleeping Lion,—some idiotic white will some day Yankeeize it, mark it on a map, and call it weazel, or something it does not look like, and rob it of its poetic Indian title, as, I am bound to believe, they have Finger Rock, which looks less like a finger than the huge spire of some Titan ruin. The cabins of the settlers do not seem out of place, and near one of these you can see an old-fashioned well-sweep. The haymakers are in the fields, and a youngster now and then kicks up the dust in the road with a dog at his heels. About midway is a grove of old cottonwoods, with a cabin nestled under their shade, and the dark green of the mountain beech and the willows mark the wavering line of the Yampa at the foot of the hills to your left. To your right, the Roan Range with its precipitous-looking front patched with never-melting snow, and over which delicate lace-like clouds are drifting to join the darker mists that are clinging about the level-looking summits. Looking down upon this sweet peacefulness on a summer's afternoon, one may doubt being in the wilderness, and is only brought back to the certainty by the screams of a pair of eagles on the

crag above his head, and the presence of the rugged mountains.

There is good fishing in the Yampa, here at the first crossing, and we go into camp. The melody of the tumbling waters makes me impatient to get on my waders. The brush is so thick that the only road to success is in the stream, and this is so narrow that one may not cast his fly except directly down the current. Who does not feel happy at times in such a mountain course? cut off from observation, and from seeing anything himself outside the narrow elysium; where he can hear nothing except the music of the rushing crystal; if the sun comes down warm, he has but to dip his hand into the grand elixir and bathe his face; if he be athirst he can cool his tongue; if troublesome thoughts have followed him they cannot cross the stream. What more has one the right to ask? Trout! Ah, yes. My leader was a little stiff with a kink here and there, and I dropped it into the water to moisten it, and — here is the trout you inquired for — he will weigh half a pound. I take the fly out of his mouth, and tap his head against the butt of the rod — that may seem cruel, but the cruelty preceded it; the blow was the only humane part of my act.

"Then, why —"

I anticipate your inquiry fully, Oh, conscience! —



I know you did not prompt me to catch the trout, but I pray that you do not make me stop now and do battle in defense of an instinct not novel with me; at some future time, perhaps I may, or, if you will go with me down stream a little way, you may learn that any defense is unnecessary. You will not! then adieu — it is not the first time we have parted company — "you cannot take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal," at this juncture. My trustiest friend slipped away with a smile; nay, more, he always has that smile for me when we commune about this, my first hour on the Yampa.

What an indolent happy life it is, this camping in the wilderness. No wonder our red brother has a distaste for the plow handle. We can pull down our abode in a few minutes, and, with all our household goods, trundle off as suits our fancy, and tarry again in another spot. If we are hungry, the stream, the aspen groves and the meadows, in their order, furnish us fish, flesh and fowl. It is not a very broad *life*, perhaps, nor useful, as we see it, but to taste it now and then tends to prove how little the red and white are apart. Education may do more for us yet; we may be taught instead of tasting to take regular meals and improve our digestion, and thus increase our usefulness. To lie on one's back in the shadow of a clump of wil-

lows, and watch the coming, this side the azure, of a delicate bit of white mist; to notice that it disappears, and presently another crosses the same line; the one that was lost comes into view again further to the right, the second follows, then a third; they have no shapes like anything one may know, and again one may find a bearded face or a woman's that the next instant is a griffin's head, and the next a well developed animal, and then again shapeless; but all drifting in one direction; you look to see where, and there over the Range are piled up in grand display great banks of clouds with leaden base, while the summits roll and interlace and shine like clean silver in the sun; your drifting Lilliputians are on the way to lend their little strength to the magnificent array. To thus lie and watch may be idle; Old Two-per-cent would lay his ban upon the man as an utterly useless member of society; it is unnecessary to give the impressions of the man, in return — perhaps he would not have any; should he condescend, however, he might say:

I do not believe that forests were grown for the mere encouragement of manufactures, nor were the brooks set murmuring down the mountain sides for the sole purpose of running spindles. In our boasted civilization we become arrogant, and get too far away from what is intended in us; there

being a remnant of the savage left it cannot be without design; the use of the propensity develops a virtue and makes us better able to accomplish the Divine purpose. To love one another is, it is said the foundation of all good; after it, certainly, there can be no sacrifice; but who ever heard of a dyspeptic, mental or otherwise, loving any one? He who "idles" in the woods one month of the year will be blessed — if he but begin in time, and he who enables his servant so to do is blessed already.

CIRCA ARDUA LEGIS.

OUR camp was invaded this evening by a light-complexioned, bald-headed man in glasses, who was flabby about the eyes and beardless. His voice was shrill and his manner aggressive, and his boot-heels were worn down on the inside — he was not pigeon-toed, of course. He had pitched his tent in the neighborhood and announced himself as a lawyer, twelve months a resident, and, that being the constitutional limit, a candidate for the Legislature, the Supreme Bench, or whatever might fall to him or he could reach in the course of political events. He was drawn towards the Professor on sight, and at once launched into a tirade against existing institutions, and especially against the condition of the law and its procedure, as he found it in the state.

"I have read a little law," said the Professor, at the earliest opportunity, "and must confess great admiration for its principles and the object of the law —"

"Bother the object," interrupted the man; "You must look at matters from a practical stand-

point — as for principles there are none; neither is there any certainty, stability, convenience, nor anything commendable about it,— as to expense! whew! don't talk of it; we need reform; we must have legislation, we must make the law certain, we must stop judicial legislation, so that every man can be his own lawyer."

"Ah, indeed! I had a notion that the law might be something of a science —"

"Science! — humbug, you mean — a mere trap for the ignorant."

"It seems to me that Blackstone and others of the old commentators have demonstrated —"

"Blackstone! bah! he is a fossil; so is Chitty and all the rest of them; rusty, worn out, behind the times and utterly useless."

"You have read Blackstone, of course?"

"Read him! not I — what should I read him for — to become entangled in a maze of obsolete absurdity!"

"Kent, certainly?"

"My dear sir, don't mention him! We will have something better than all the verbiage these gentlemen have mystified the world with. We will have a code; we will bring the law down to the comprehension of the common mind. All civilized nations are governed by codes; the spirit of the age demands a code; there is no common law left worth speaking of; the most of it is em-

bodied in the codes of those states where the people have had the enterprise to demand legislation on the subject. Shall this free and enlightened commonwealth with its youthful shoulders scarce fitted to the gorgeous mantle of statehood, its magnificent peaks and untold wealth hidden in the recesses of its rugged — ah — bowels, be behind the age, shall —"

"You say you have been here a twelve-month," interrupted the Professor, as the man came down to take a mouthful of the light air. "I don't understand how you have forced yourself to submit to the chaos you find here, even for a twelvemonth."

"I like the country — I want to build it up, I — "

"Oh! I like to meet a man who recognizes the existence of some one else, and at the same time, one who feels his own ability as a leader; I have found excellent food for reflection on this subject in the preface to the Touchstone —"

"What's that?"

"A prologue, the modesty of which bespeaks merit, something it would be well for legislators as well as codifiers to study; something by the study of which they might be impressed with the maxim: '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*' "

"I don't understand you."

"I'm not surprised;" and the Professor knocked the ashes out of his pipe preparatory to refilling it.

"The only mystery is that you confess it, 'for the more men know the less they think they know, and the more they doubt.' You will find it also there set down. You say," continued the Professor, pressing the tobacco into the bowl of the pipe with his thumb, "that the law is uncertain — true; it has become more so in the last thirty years than it was before, but what purely social science can be made certain?

"You say the law is fluctuating, and that no one can tell how long it will stay even as it is — that it varies with the moods and caprices of the judges — true. But will not the courts treat statutory law precisely as they have the unwritten law? Your books of reports overflow with the evidence of it. The fault has not been so much with the principles of the law, as with the ignorance, perversity, moods or caprices of the courts in administering the law; and particularly in legislatures endeavoring to correct abuses when they were ignorant of their causes. Courts are no more authorized to override precedents than to override statutes; nevertheless they override either, if in the mood. A bad precedent is even better than vacillation, in that, in the one instance at least, it tends to certainty. Cases may be distinguished; this is no vice, as you assert, but proper; it becomes vicious only by abuse. In determining cases principles are frequently overlooked, or are distorted to

meet a given state of facts, because the court thinks the facts warrant the distortion, in justice. The judge buries his judgment under his sympathies, and this is where uncertainty begins. The principle is all right, but to apply it under the facts would be harsh, and a lack of courage produces an abortion. In reconciling this violation of duty to the dictates of his sympathy the judge condescends to argument in self-justification. The difficulty under which one mind labors in its efforts to express its meaning to another has long been recognized; unless minds are in entire sympathy, ideas cannot be communicated and received in their integrity, uncertainty is bound to follow, and thereafter the law has added to it a burden it does not deserve. The next judge who uses the case finds in it something the first did not intend; something new is the result; and by the third time the principle involved in the first case is totally smothered.

"You say the law is expensive — was it ever otherwise? Even the advocates of old Rome, while they disdained fees never refused gratuities; but I never read of their dickering for contingent fees, an indefensible practice, degrading to the profession and demoralizing to the community. No doubt the quality of the law should be commensurate with its cost, but it is not so much a lack of quality of the law as lack of understanding among those who profess and administer it.

"You say nobody ever thinks of questioning the authority of a statute. Perhaps not, nor of the decision of a court. But your books show that the meaning of both decisions and statutes are continually open to question, the latter more frequently than the former.

"The citizen, you say, has a right to know the law and he cannot know it as it is. Beyond question it is his right, and more, it is his duty, to have some knowledge of the law. But the blacksmith will seek the lawyer and the lawyer the blacksmith, in the times of their respective needs. Your cry that you will bring the law down to the comprehension of the common mind is, and always has been, pure demagoguery. You would make every man his own lawyer — why not make every man his own tailor, merchant and chemist?

"You seem impressed with the idea that when you have adopted what you call a code, you have established a system of jurisprudence, while you have only a foundation, and probably a poor one. Frame a code as perfect as human ingenuity, foresight and learning can devise, and in twenty years its framers, could they sleep during the time, would not recognize their work. It would have gone through the stomachs and encountered the moods of judges, the ingenuity of lawyers, and, like any other lie, would have received embellishment

at the hands of each vender. When you should add to this treatment the curse of unrestricted and ignorant legislation, the monstrosity would be more a marvel than at present.

"You say that lawyers do not want codification because it would simplify the law. The profession, I know, has the reputation of being champion liars, but as a class, undeservedly. To say that lawyers do not desire simplicity is to stigmatize them as mere prostitutors of an honorable profession. No lawyer worthy the name will degrade his calling to the mere purpose of money getting, nor to any merely selfish end. I have generally found them, as a class, abreast of the moral standard of the communities surrounding them, if not a little ahead. It is a filthy bird that defiles its own nest, my friend.

"Experience with codes, so called, in America has not demonstrated that the law is simplified by them, nor that any of the evils of which codifiers complained have been overcome. On the contrary the evils have multiplied, and the millenium is further away than ever. Half a century is hardly long enough to build up a system of jurisprudence, even when intrusted solely to the most skilled in the law. There is a difference between revolution and reform, especially if the revolution be not a success. Some forty years since a revolution was

inaugurated in a certain quarter and seems to have got beyond the control of its promoters, and the result cannot be conjectured.

"As matters stand, a codification of the general principles of the law might be convenient, desirable and even possible, but it should be a mere skeleton. Then courageous and competent judges might put flesh upon it, and when it became quite presentable another revolution would be in order, unless you should find that the passions and interests of humanity had also become stereotyped. Even then, possibly, some man might arise with a mission. Immutable laws are neither possible nor desirable, but it is safer to allow those whose business is the law to suggest changes, rather than to submit the evils to be corrected to unskilled legislators."

"Well, I go in for reform; I'm a code lawyer; we'll make these common law fellows sick," broke in the man in glasses, as the Professor paused to light his pipe.

"I understand you are a code lawyer — that is all. The trouble with most reformers is, they don't comprehend what they would reform. Many law reformers seem possessed with the idea that a code presents a royal road to knowledge, accessible to the million. I have known a great many men to mistake their avocations in life and never

discover the error — I think you are one, and I make no charge for the advice."

"You are becoming personal, my friend."

"I like to be — it is a weakness with me, at times — good night."

"It is the same old cry we have had from the beginning — what the world needs is perfect men," growled the Professor, as the light-haired man walked into oblivion, "and what a steady-going, happy old world it would be, to be sure."

WALTON CREEK AND VICINITY.

WE are camping in another delightful little park on the Yampa, a short distance from Yellow Jacket Pass, which I regret to leave after three days' enjoyment. Our tent is pitched immediately on the stream, and I have become so accustomed to the rippling melody to sing me to sleep that I will be restless without it. The brush is so scattered that it presents no obstruction in fishing from the bank, and one need only take to the water from choice. This morning I was discussing with the Professor the merits of a fly on the end of my leader, when I felt something touch my rod. On looking up I saw a little bird perched and balancing himself on the second joint. He had a very plain, gray coat, but his bright little eyes and his bravery made him a welcome visitor; the Professor said he would take him away from me, and slipped his rod under mine; the bird seemed to understand what was demanded of him and hopped from my rod to the Professor's. The Professor shortened his rod and the little fellow evinced half a mind to hop upon the Professor's

finger as he extended it, with an invitation, but finally flew away. Our friend accepted the visit as a good omen, of course.

The grass is luxuriant and the horses seem really to laugh while you watch them fatten on it; all through the rich carpet the wild flowers claim the privilege of weaving in their bright colors; and I find here, in more abundance than I have elsewhere, a delicate purple hare-bell; and yet another flower which the Doctor says is of the "order umbelliferæ." I told him any one could see that, but I wanted to know the name of it.

"The name of it! Oh, yes — well, I don't know the name of it."

The minute tracery of the little creamy-white clusters, a dozen flowers on a stem, is more exquisite than frost crystals or the delicate web-work that nestles at the white throat of my lady. While there may be an apparent sameness in all these surroundings one cannot step without finding some new phase; even the drifting clouds, when we have them, lending their aid to vary the lights and shades upon a treeless mountain side.

Fording the Yampa a mile below our late camp, we begin the ascent of the Yellow Jacket Pass; it is quite gradual, and we reach the summit to find ourselves among aspens, scrub oaks and service-berry bushes. The first impression is that the locality is good for bear, and I feel agreeably dis-

appointed upon getting again into another large park without encountering Cuffy. Bears are apt to frighten horses. We did startle a band of antelope, however, in the broad level ground between the road and the river. The Professor discovered a deer, as he said, standing on a ridge and evidently interested in us; we had no sooner heard the Professor's admonition to look, and caught sight of the animal, than it whirled and was out of sight, and in a few seconds we saw the band bounding for dear life over the ridge beyond.

"Antelope!" said the Professor, "I thought that sentinel looked rather small for a deer."

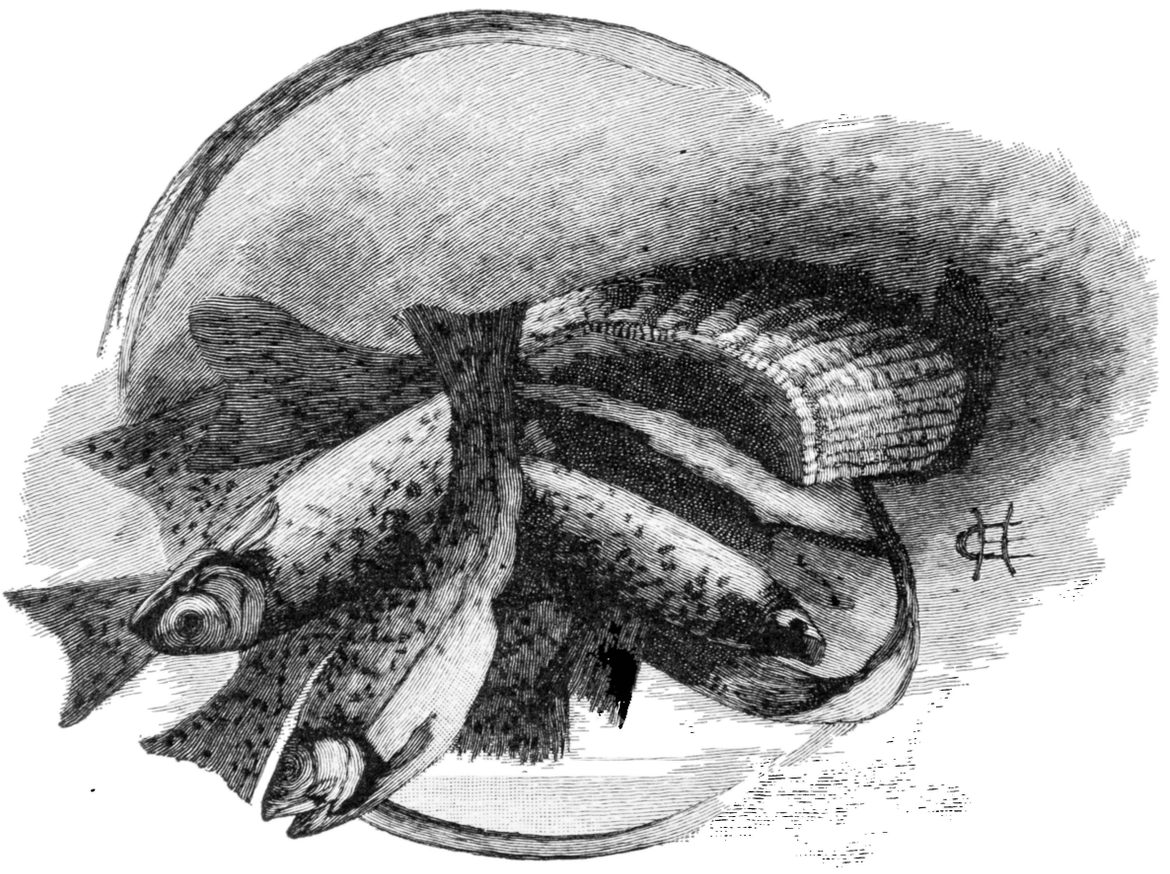
"Yes, of course," said the Doctor in that exasperating tone which leads to debate. But the Professor smiled and declined the encounter.

The grouse and sage hens are plenty, but are left undisturbed, and early in the afternoon we again ford the Yampa and make camp in a little meadow, secluded from the road by a thick growth of willows.

Below us half a mile Rock Creek empties into the Yampa — Fish Creek, it is called upon the map. I explored the creek for half a mile from its mouth. Its bed is precipitous and the paradise of boulders; the stream was low and I did not catch a fish in it. From the drift here and there, made up of great trees down to mere willow twigs and dry moss, I knew this to be one of those ter-

rors in time of high water that permits nothing to live in it or withstand its anger. But now it murmurs down among the polished stones with commendable modesty, emptying into the Yampa at right angles. The spring freshets have raised the bed at the mouth, and the cool, clear water falls as gently over the clean bottom into the larger stream as if it had never known a wrathful moment. The Yampa here is full fifty feet wide at this time of the year and is very low; the rocky base of the mountain opposite, and the hard granite only have prevented the mad creek from cutting out a new channel for itself. Above our camp half a mile Walton Creek, from the east, sweeps gracefully into the Yampa at a gentle angle. To the west the mountains, well timbered, rise abruptly from the river. Walton Creek! I did not inquire why it was so named, lest my mind should be disabused of the charming association. I was told that it afforded the largest trout in the vicinity and for once felt like blessing the giver of names. How the gentle Master would have enjoyed the music of its broad riffles and the willow-shaded pools and still places in its clear current.

It were sacrilege, at this our last camp upon the Yampa, at the close, so to speak, of our pilgrimage along the delightful river, to visit any place without first putting up our devotions at this shrine of our ancient teacher and friend. Striking into a



blind trail through the willows, leaving tempting pools untouched, up over the point of a grass-covered mesa and down again to the water's edge, I stood uncovered where the streams were peacefully wedded. But this would not quite serve my purpose, and so, through willows and slough grass shoulder high, falling into unseen trails, left by the former denizens, the flat-tails, and stung by nettles, I made my way to the stream a quarter of a mile above. It was hot work, and the path might have been improved upon by going round a mile; but as I cooled my burning face and hands in the welcome crystal, and drank of it, I felt the concession of penance done. Then, with becoming reverence, I sent my coachman on a mission of inquiry immediately in the shadow of the opposite bank. Shade of the immortal Isaak help "me and hover over me with your wings;" let it not be said I was denied response to my earliest orison in this sacred place! I would have been content with a trout of half a pound, but here I had one of two pounds, if he weighed an ounce — and being my first for the day! What if I should lose him? He was not nearly so large, however, when in the creel — one pound and a quarter, I must admit, in truthfulness, was his utmost limit; the other three quarters may be credited to his bravery. By the time I had regained the mouth of the creek my stint was reached. Fourteen

pounds in that distance assured me I need not be ashamed, thanks to thy mediation, Oh, gentle spirit and guide!

The following morning the Doctor suggested that a bath would be good for me. It was not the first time he had made a similar remark to me in an equivocal sort of way; but retort is out of the question in such cases; I can only wait for Time to visit him with some dire chastisement. Acting upon his proposal, however, we went to Steamboat Springs, two miles down the river, tumbled into the hot sulphur pool (103° Fh.) and were pleased. We drank plentifully of the iron and soda spring; the Doctor expresses a great fondness for sulphur water, and, as the cold sulphur spring affords abundant temptation to the curious in mineral waters, I prevailed on him to drink a cup full or so of that. He enjoyed it very much on top of the iron and soda — for a few moments. In the course of a few hours he said he felt sufficiently recovered to visit the Springs across the river, from which the place takes its name. After watching the streams belching out of the sidehill and concluding there must be considerable gas of some sort down there, and after the Doctor had sat on a rock several times and embraced himself cordially, we started for camp; I sympathized with him until he began to smile. He said he did not feel like going fishing in the afternoon, so about four o'clock

I took to the Yampa immediately below the ford intending to close at the mouth of Rock Creek.

It is a wild place, the river bed a hundred feet or more wide, the mountains bathing their feet in it on the west and the beech and willow bushes protecting the bank on the east. There are long stretches of smooth water and several long shallow riffles; a glance at it is not inspiring. I conclude to cross over and take in what I conceive to be a pool on the west side and that I may whip, by hugging the willows. But a few steps in that direction satisfy me that my boots are not high enough, and while I look about to see how I may reach the place, a duck comes out upon the mud bar a little ways off and undertakes to open up conversation with me. While he is making his inquiries, as I suppose, another, with half a dozen ducklings, sails out from her shelter under the bank, and with feet and wings in good play, and much noise, leads her brood into what she conceives safer quarters down the river. While this company is paddling and winging its way out of sight, I hear the "honk-honk" of another family, and looking in the direction of the sound discover four geese coming round a bend in the river below, and it is a matter of interest to see how quickly, upon catching sight of me, their line of flight is changed and taken straight across the bend, at a safe distance.

Concluding I was innocently creating a deal of

commotion with no means of allaying it, I backed out, tried the quieter water below the first riffle, and caught a trout; failing to get a second rise, I started for the next riffle, and while trying that heard a sand-hill crane, from some unknown quarter, harshly relieving his mind. The only indemnity I can ever get from the misery of this call is to think of the carriage of the bird. Failing in my efforts at the foot of the second riffle, I climbed out on the bank where a game trail crossed, and, breaking my way through the brush, entered the stream again a few rods above the mouth of Rock Creek. Evidently I had not yet reached the water I desired, and did not until the fly fairly fell at the head of the first swirl from the creek. It was only five o'clock. I had exhausted an hour experimenting and had one trout; the sun was just getting behind the summit of the mountain opposite, and in a few minutes the river would be in the shadow; there was no occasion to be in haste. Feeling the assurance I should get all I wanted, I lighted my pipe and sat on a boulder watching the eddies. Happening, after a few minutes, to look up stream, I saw a doe come out of the thick growth on the other side, and with her fore feet in the water, and head and ears erect, keenly survey the surroundings. After satisfying herself there was no danger lurking in the vicinity, she began to drink. I moved; it was enough; quick as

thought her head was raised and she had turned and bounded up the mountain side. Reaching a clear spot on the trail she paused and looked down upon me for a few seconds and was off, leaving me to my dreaming and the eddies. Now and then a trout would break the surface, and when the sun had fairly got out of the way, the number of breaks increased, especially in the quiet water of the river at the edge of the swifter current on the further side of the creek. This seemed natural, for whatever food came down the creek was necessarily carried there. But clear across the mouth and reaching over to the opposite bank of the river, was one magnificent pool. I began at the upper end where I stood, casting the fly into the first swirl; as soon as it touched the water it was taken, but I did not see the fish for some time, as it persistently kept below the surface, maintaining a steady, strong pull, until I fairly lifted it into sight. I then discovered I had something new and hastened to get my captive out upon the gravel. I can get no common name for it, nor should so uncommon a fish have a common name. The natives hereabout call it a grayling, but certainly it is not a grayling, though it possesses what I understand to be the peculiar odor of that fish. One eminent in ichthyology, and whose conclusion may not be questioned, has, I am in-

formed, pronounced it a mountain herring. I regret that he felt impelled to do so. I have no respect for the herring. When I was a boy herring were caught in seines, were considered food for the indigent only, and were treated with contumely. The indignant colored brother, if he would overwhelm his white neighbor beyond reparation, would call him "a po' white heyen." "Po' white trash" was court slang to this Billingsgate — an unpardonable epithet. I shall be sorry if this fish must be so stigmatized. He is game, rises to the fly with the same bravery as his beautiful neighbor, though his mouth is dainty; he is slender and of attractive color, and his minute scales like burnished silver; he has equal courage, his flesh is white and firm, of more delicate fibre, and of as fine flavor as the trout.

My next trophy was a trout from the same swirl, and with very little advance toward the more prolific water upon the other side of the creek, I had captured eleven trout. My creel was full, and knowing so well the capacity of that receptacle, I looked at my watch and found it lacked ten minutes of six. Allowing ten minutes for my smoke and dreaming, the time occupied was not to exceed forty minutes. Can heart of man wish for better sport? There are those, I presume, who would say they had a dozen hours' "fight" to

secure that number of such trout, but with a lithe seven-ounce bamboo and a fair beach upon which to land him, five minutes, in kindness to the trout, should, as a rule, be the limit if he will weigh less than a pound and a half. I cannot bring myself to dawdle with a fish. His first mad rushes are generally over in less than the time I have named; the trout has not the same tenacity of life, so far as I have observed, as the eel. If there is any sport in feeling an effort that will scarcely start the line upon an unchecked reel, I confess that hitherto I have failed to realize it. It is too much like being behind a horse that requires you to push upon the lines to make him go. If I want to take time I prefer to do it between casts, admiring the game after it has been put out of its misery by a rap on the head. If I knew I could have but one trout a day, I would commence bringing him shoreward upon the first indication of weakness. If he agreeably disappointed me by getting his wind, so to speak, like a prize fighter, I would indulge him, of course, partly for the fun of it and partly because it might not be safe to deny him another round. The beach was here upon which to land my catch, and the place had not recently been disturbed by the angler nor the pot-hunter. I held each fish as well up stream as I dared, that those below might not be disturbed. I might have

gone to the other side and fished up stream; perhaps, had I known I would find a three-pound trout in that pool, I might have crossed the creek and fished from below. But I have a weakness for doing the reverse; my plan did not fail me; why should I not follow it until I am taught a better one?

TRAPPERS' LAKE.

WE are back at our first camp on the Yampa, and have been discussing the plans for the proposed trip beyond the Roan Range to Trappers' Lake. At the compensation, to be paid through the friendly connivance of a ranchman's wife, of twenty-five cents per day, the boy has hired himself out to drive the cows to the hills and to hunt them up at night, while we are absent. I have my doubts about his fulfilling his part of the contract beyond the first day, but he will imagine he has something in hand, until we get away. The trip proposes to be rough, and he has already had enough of that; besides we have but four animals, and one of these must do the packing.

The Doctor inquired of me whether I understood "the diamond hitch." I told him that, strange as it might seem to him, I had never taken any interest in "our national game," and, of course, knew nothing of the hitch in question, but if it would gratify him I would be pleased to look into it. He listened patiently until I had finished and then complimented me by saying that I was "smart."

Being at a loss to interpret the meaning of his sudden adulation, I inquired, and was finally informed that the "diamond hitch" was a packers' term, and expressed the only known sure way of securing a load upon a horse.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"Weren't we talking about packing?"

"Talking about packing — yes, we were talking about packing — but what do I know about your barbarous phrases — you might as well have asked what I knew about mixed drinks — iron and sulphur for inst—"

I dodged the boot the Doctor was in the act of pulling on, but which he threw at me instead.

When he commenced to secure the pack upon Breckenridge, the Doctor insisted that I should stand by and be taught the complicated twists that go to make up the mysterious hitch. When he had shown how it was done I could neither understand nor explain it, and the more I investigated the less comprehensible it became. If my conscience would only permit me to get drunk I might conquer the refined enigma. When the task was finished Breckenridge looked like a magnificent toad in an exaggerated stage of dropsy. The Doctor surveyed his work with a degree of satisfaction that communicated itself to the Professor and myself, and declared if that pack worked off before we reached the Lake he'd eat the bearer of it. As

the Doctor is a man of his word I prayed that he might have the opportunity — to barbecue the Kentuckian is one of my ambitions.

All things being in readiness, the boy was charged to look after the remains of the camp during his leisure moments, to keep out of the river and otherwise conduct himself in a dignified and intelligent manner, then we started to climb the mesa, with our camp furniture in the lead. Breckenridge started off at a gait I deemed him incapable of; packing was evidently his mission in life; his under lip seemed to have acquired a reef, his eyes were open, and he switched the remains of his tail with a cheerfulness absolutely eloquent. My conscience began to touch me at intervals for the wicked thoughts I had entertained toward him and the unpardonable expressions I had poured into his lambent ears; I fairly made up my mind never to be governed again by first impressions of man or beast; there is no such thing as unmixed evil in animate nature; a man is too prone to discover the foibles and sins in everything but himself; the good is the last thing he looks for, if he seeks it at all; this is a reprehensible weakness, nay, a meanness, with not one redeeming feature; a man with reliable digestion is not naturally given to it; my digestion is good, therefore the more blame attached to me; I wanted to apologize, and would had I thought his knowledge of English warranted

my so doing. How should I make amends, if reparation were possible?

The Doctor, armed with a black-snake and with his rifle across the pommel, followed the revived and delighted burden-bearer, the Professor followed the Doctor and I the Professor. The mesa is a good six miles in width, covered with black sage brush, and occasional patches of bunch grass in the slight depressions. It is about as near level and monotonous as could be expected of any township. Stopping a moment on the edge of the mesa and turning for a glance down into the beautiful park, I catch sight of the boy astride a cow, that is, with the other creatures, leisurely making for the luscious grasses at the foot of our vantage ground. The fields are yet brown and golden, shorn of their product, and the long hay stacks here and there attest the abundance of the yield. The Castle Buttes look, under the rays of the early morning sun, and from this level, more than ever like pictures I have seen of old ruins; one of them has a back that is shaped like the sail of a Portuguese man-of-war, but there is no telling what a few centuries may do for it. Its companions may have resembled it some day in the remote past, but the storms have worked away the softer parts, leaving the brown crags, isolated and barren, to rear their uneven summits against the blue background. The bases are sharp slopes rising out of the level

of the park for hundreds of feet, covered with herbage, and dotted in places with huge masses of rock that have fallen and found lodgment there; then straight up from these great mounds run irregular and rugged cliffs with uneven sky lines, and the pinnacles, reaching still higher, serve as spires to the now crumbled walls of the colossal ruins.

The sound of the Doctor's rifle frightens the mysterious Titans that are wont to gather there in solemn hours, and that I see about to troop in and out the dark portals for my special wonder. When I turn to ascertain the cause of the report I find that he and the Professor are half way across the mesa. After I overtake them I am admonished to keep up, or perhaps I "may be wandering off on some deserted wood road, or other no-thoroughfare, and getting lost." The Doctor knows my weakness in the matter of trails and old wood roads, but I bide my time, knowing he will involuntarily do penance in due season.

Leaving the mesa we descend into a narrow valley, skirted by young aspens, with slender, darker hued pines beyond and reaching above them to the summits of the mountains. The trail is very plain; indeed, frequent wagon tracks attest its perfection as a trail. A portion of the Range in the distance discloses a gap, and marks the line of our journey. The Yampa heads under that de-

pression and sweeps round the mountain to the east of us. When we reach the stream at the head of the great bend, the trail becomes more of a trail in the places where we can find it. We encounter brooks tumbling down from the mountain sides, and we hug the foot of the hills, away from the river, to avoid the marshes and mud holes. The first reliable soft place we reach, and are obliged to cross, is the means of relieving my conscience a little touching the estimable pack animal, Breckenridge — he lies down in it with the utmost deliberation. The Doctor, with many pious adjurations and the black-snake, persuades him to his feet, and we strike an up grade steeper than any yet encountered, leading through the thick pine timber. This is our first acquaintance with close quarters, and the pack rubs against the trees; we get on, however, satisfactorily, though it seems to me the black coffee pot tied to the outside of our duffle is getting more than a safe share of raps. Reaching another slough Breckenridge avails himself of the opportunity for another bath; at the first he comforted his right side, this time his left; our bedding, of course, is in the pack, and the wagon sheet, tied over all and which we design for shelter in case of rain, is very black and ominously damp at the sides. The Doctor coaxes the animal out by the former process and we go through more timber.

By noon we reached a point on the northerly

line of a mountain jutting out from the main range, and constituting one side of the gap. The Doctor declined to accept my proposal for an hour's rest; he was in a strange country and on a strange trail, when he could find it, and was determined to get somewhere before night; we could rest then. That mountain was one of the most extraordinary protuberances on the face of the earth; we were not traveling toward it but parallel with it, and after an hour's hard work we seemed to be exactly on that same line of its northerly end. After another hour we did not seem to have gained a foot; the great mass, with a precipice of a thousand feet high from the timber line, frowned down upon us in silent magnificence. It refused to give up its mystery, and I began to think his royal highness endowed with life and moving with us. The only relief I could obtain was in the fact that we were getting nearer the flat-topped depression ahead of us. There appeared on the south of this sag a fathomless gorge between it and the mighty bulk at our left, and, to our right and at the north end, seemingly another abyss. This depression was itself a mighty mountain, standing alone, reaching above the line of vegetation, and its front presenting a perpendicular wall as far as I could see, on either side of me, hundreds of feet in height. We continued making our way to the foot of this wall, with only one

palpable result staring us in the face. I asked the Doctor if we could possibly be on the trail and he said he saw tracks. The information was comforting; "tracks" were better than nothing, even if they were a year old. We crossed a snow field of a few acres, that readily bore up the horses; on the upper edge of it was a red mud hole, at which the Doctor anticipated the Kentuckian and prevented the pack being decorated with the Anarchists' color. Then we encountered fragments of rock that seemed to multiply as we approached the foot of the wall; between these, what little there was of mother earth, appeared to have been trodden; but by what kind of animals? The top of that wall was getting nearer to us, certainly, but we were not there yet. Going over another snow field and the soft ground above it, we hugged its edge for a few rods and then dismounted. It was apparently impossible to ride an animal up such a place, so we climbed and coaxed the horses for fifty yards or so over the rocks, as I thought, straight into the air, and then, leg-weary and out of breath, we reached the edge, but not the summit. That sky line, which in the distance looked so level, was crooked and broken as the conscience of the usurer. We continued to climb, but the way was now comparatively easy. The trail had totally disappeared, and monuments of stone, piled up by those who had preceded us into this cheerless solitude, marked the

way for us. We were finally fairly on the top, with nothing but fragments of rock under our feet and around us, though here and there in some depressions, affording an opportunity for snow to accumulate, a thin and stunted grass, tenacious of life, maintained a feeble existence. Utterly barren and desolate it might be called, for we could see no sign of life. Beyond and in front of us, other flat top mountains loomed above our level, all with those perpendicular walls under their summits. To the left, and on a line with the monuments, a huge mountain reared its ponderous front of red rock, while we could see the tops of the trees on the western slope of the mountain we were crossing. The Doctor concluded we would find our trail running down through that timber.

While giving his views in this behalf, partly turning in his saddle, I noticed that something was the matter with the pack upon Breckenridge, who was trotting along two or three rods in advance. As the Doctor turned, the pack went under the animal's belly, and his heels went into the air; then he jumped up and came down stiff-legged, and amused himself in a way that threatened the demolition of everything attached to him. The Doctor succeeded in getting a hold upon the creature's lariat, and that barren mountain top was entertained with a waltz such as it had never seen before, and a serenade entirely novel. When the

Doctor got through with his part of the performance he was tired, the black-snake was demoralized and the exasperating brute fully subdued. He begged, as nearly as a broncho could express himself, and remained quiet as a well trained dog, while the Doctor did his perfect work of the morning over again. I wanted to ask him when we might expect him to begin his dinner, as he had vowed, but on looking at him I thought it would be better to defer the inquiry.

We reached the western side of the mountain and found a trail leading down into the timber. It was a good trail and led to the impression that it might be the right one. We could not see out on account of the thick growth about us, and followed the trail, because we could follow nothing else, for a couple of miles, to a shallow lake of half a dozen acres. As the trail did not stop here, nor the little lake answer the description of the one we were in search of, we continued finding our way for a mile further, and suddenly emerged from our prison upon as beautiful a spot as the soul of man could wish to revel in, on the very margin of the gem hidden away in the heart of the Roan Range.

I climbed over the foot of the mountain below our camp to a place where I could see the outlet and the beginning of White River. Opposite are a few acres of level ground and a couple of deer are feeding in the tall grass, and back of them

grow the aspens, and then the pines, tall and symmetrical, clothing the mountain side like emerald spires, towering mass upon mass one above the other reaching up to a terrace; then a wall of rock and then a terrace, and so to the upper verge of the timber growth. To the left is another mountain, and still further a third, the largest of them all. They stand apart, each content with his own magnificence, clothed all alike, and with terraces overtopped by stupendous cliffs of brownish red. There is nothing monotonous about them; they are grand enough to defy even uniformity; in their general formation only do they resemble each other, their individuality is unmistakable. On this side to my left is the mountain that pointed us to the trail while we were on the summit of the one at whose foot I am lying. And thus surrounded, locked in from intrusion by these giants, reposes the beautiful lake, ever kissing with its crystal lips the rugged feet of its noble guardians; there is not a ripple on its surface now, and it mirrors its protectors in their garbs of green from base to dizzy summit; the sun just going down lights up the wonderful cliffs high above me on the left, and that same light is set almost in the center of the lake as if to caress the darker shade of its neighbors from the other side. A glorious and loving company it is, dwelling in perfect harmony, but born through travail: the beach is of lava, ground to pebbles and specks of sand in the mill of the centuries.

In the morning the Doctor and myself possess ourselves of an old water-soaked raft of five logs, held together in the usual way with cleats and wooden pins, and, with a couple of rough-hewn oars, we proceed to sea. It is a mystery to me why everyone escapes drowning with such craft; the storms that come sometimes knock the rickety vessels to pieces. The waters of all the mountain lakes are cold, and chill one at once, but the navigators manage by some means to crawl out, or are rescued, blue and shivering. This general immunity has a touch of comfort in it, as I find the old burden settling under our weight; but before getting into the never-fathomed depths we satisfy ourselves that she will not abandon us entirely. As the Doctor is fond of rowing, I do not object to his doing so. I find the water surpassingly transparent; in the shallow places twenty and thirty feet deep, the bottom looks as though you might touch it with the oar, and then, perhaps, it turns perfectly black, indicating deep chasms in the irregular bed. From the rocks that are visible, with the morning sun pouring a volume of light in upon them, I see a miniature forest growth; a bright green plant with a jointed stem and slender leaves, through and over which the beautiful trout are darting swiftly and temptingly.

"What are you mooning about, now?" inquires the Doctor in a tone of severity; "you had a rise to the jungle cock on the dropper — wake up!"

Paying heed to his admonition, I make half a dozen ineffectual casts on the glassy surface, and then go back to my former amusement, only to be aroused again with the demand for my rod, if I "don't want to fish." I turn it over to him, he pulls in the oars, and in a few moments brings in a silver-sided trout, very much resembling some of the denizens of Twin Lakes. These seem to haunt the deeper water, are more slender than their salmon-tinted congeners, and have more courage. The Doctor soon found both varieties in the lake, and I kindly allowed him the use of the rod for half an hour and until I saw the welcome flash of a ripple coming toward us; he had his back in that direction and had caught two fish. A few moments after it reached us I began to be busy and hauled five trout upon the raft as rapidly as I could handle them. They varied scarcely a fraction of being twelve inches in length; of this uniformity we had heard, as one of the pleasures of these waters. The Doctor said not a word touching my success, but sat on his cross-bar with his hands folded, permitting the raft to drift slowly shoreward. I caught three more, and offered to surrender the rod to him. He took it with the remark that if he were as smart as I he would fall overboard and drown. I considered this a good time also to question him concerning his proposed meal of the invaluable Breckenridge. He was very eager to ex-

plain to me the cause of the mishap, and although I said not a word, he threatened to put me ashore. As the breeze had subsided, I insisted on his putting his menace into execution.

There was another puff of wind after a little, and I saw the Doctor was very busy, but when he came to the camp in the course of an hour he had not a fin to show. Just as he had made up his mind to return, he discovered a slat loose on the old fish-well tied to the stern, and the last of his trophies and my own stealing quietly back into the lake. Had it not been for the Professor, fishing at the lower inlet, we should have had no trout for dinner.

Three days are not enough to surfeit one with the attractions of this camp, trouting and idling about the shores under the shadows of the fragrant pines, and we prepare to start on our return to the Yampa, with the conviction that we will come again. The trail is not nearly so forbidding on the way up through the timber to the summit of the pass. When we reach the eastern edge, we can look down into the valleys through which the river, a mere brook now, winds its way. The beavers have been at work in places, we can tell by the yellow color of the tall grass where the ponds were wont to hide them. We can look over and beyond to the grand ranges overtopping each other, to the main body, which looms up in the

gray distance, while those nearer take on the pale and then the dark blue mist as the distance decreases from our point of view. It is very tranquil; and this peacefulness seems to come into and make part of one's self, until the smile of the bitterest enemy ceases to be sinister, and forgiveness is no longer a sacrifice. And so, I had cultivated a proper state of mind to feel regret when Breckenridge stumbled at the very verge of the cliff, and falling off the trail, rolled downward over the rocks, landing in a snowbank a hundred feet below. He lay groaning out the results of his misfortune when we got to him, and refused to get up. We removed the pack as speedily as possible, when the jewel arose with a grunt, shook himself and was ready to nip the grass when we should reach it. I was then and there willing to be qualified that Breckenridge would die only of old age. Any other animal, except a cat, would have rattled to pieces with the experience of Breckenridge; he had an abrasion on one of his legs that could have been covered with a dime. The remainder of the trail presented no obstacle whatever, and, when we were inquired of, we said it was a good trail; though I cannot say I am anxious to see any one who may have attempted it on my recommendation.

Upon reaching camp I found the boy recklessly arrayed in his last paper collar, his hair in order,

and his boots resplendent in a fresh coat of grease; it is unnecessary to comment on his other apparel; it suffices that his mother had not seen him for six weeks. We flattered ourselves upon this display as special, in honor of our return. But that evening, after I had observed the moon suspended in silver youthfulness in the west, I saw him talking to a young lady a half dozen years his senior. They had availed themselves of the fence — one on each side. When I told him, a little later, that in the morning we would break camp and start homeward, he seemed to regret the approaching close of our outing as much as I did. We had not provided ourselves with such an incumbrance as a looking-glass, and I wondered whether the crows feet had increased their numbers about my eyes. I certainly felt equal to a five-foot fence, in an emergency, and finally cultivated myself to the notion that the boy and I were moving in opposite directions and liable to meet on the road. When I got back to him it was as though our regrets had a similar source, and I was capable of entertaining him, at least until we reached the east side of Gore Range; after that he entertained himself.

Our tent is pitched once more on the bank of the Grand. The knowledge that in a few days our vacation will be ended, lends an additional charm to the beautiful river. A gentler melody

arises from its rushing waters; its rugged cliffs have a loftier dignity, its cañons a deeper grandeur, and its valleys, just touched with autumn tints, seem the very home of the Genius of Peace. There is an added beauty to the mountain sides under the denser veil of the passing summer, the golden leaves of the aspens, the brown and red of the mountain beech are here; and the emerald of the pine is an emblem that inspires hope of pleasures to come with the coming season — the capstone to the arch of the busy months.

The boy climbed alone to the summit of Mt. Bross, and when he came back to me, the flush on his cheeks and the light in his eyes told me of the ripening love in his heart — the love that is never betrayed.

When I said good-bye to the Professor, he seemed reluctant to give me up, and acted as a man will, when eager to make a disclosure, but is doubtful of its reception. His desire, however, overcame his timidity and he said, finally, that he had written some more verses. With this avowal he pressed upon me an old envelope and went away hastily.

ANGLING.

THERE has been some discussion of late touching the art as well as the science of angling. There is a difference, certainly.

I have a friend who is a lover of music; he can enjoy a minstrel performance or an Italian opera. I have seen his eyes fill under the influence couched in the skill of Ole Bull and Wilhelmj; once I saw him fairly break down over a sonata from Beethoven finely rendered. He says if anything goes wrong with the performer, or if he makes a mistake, he (my friend) is advised of it by cold chills running down his back. And yet, to this friend of mine the science of music is a sealed book — he cannot read a note. Some one told him he possessed the art of music. Had he cultivated himself in this art there is no telling what sort of a phenomenon he might have become.

Again, I have known of those who are so much after the manner of automatons that their scientific acquirements become painful to one compelled to listen to their performances — Gradgrinds in music, so to speak, to whom a minstrel show is a nightmare.

A combination of art and science may be desirable, but if one may not have both I prefer the art. This being a gift that comes without asking, is none the less worthy; with it one is consoled by the reflection that work will enable him to acquire the other. On the other hand, the labor of a lifetime will not bring to him that which kind nature only can bestow.

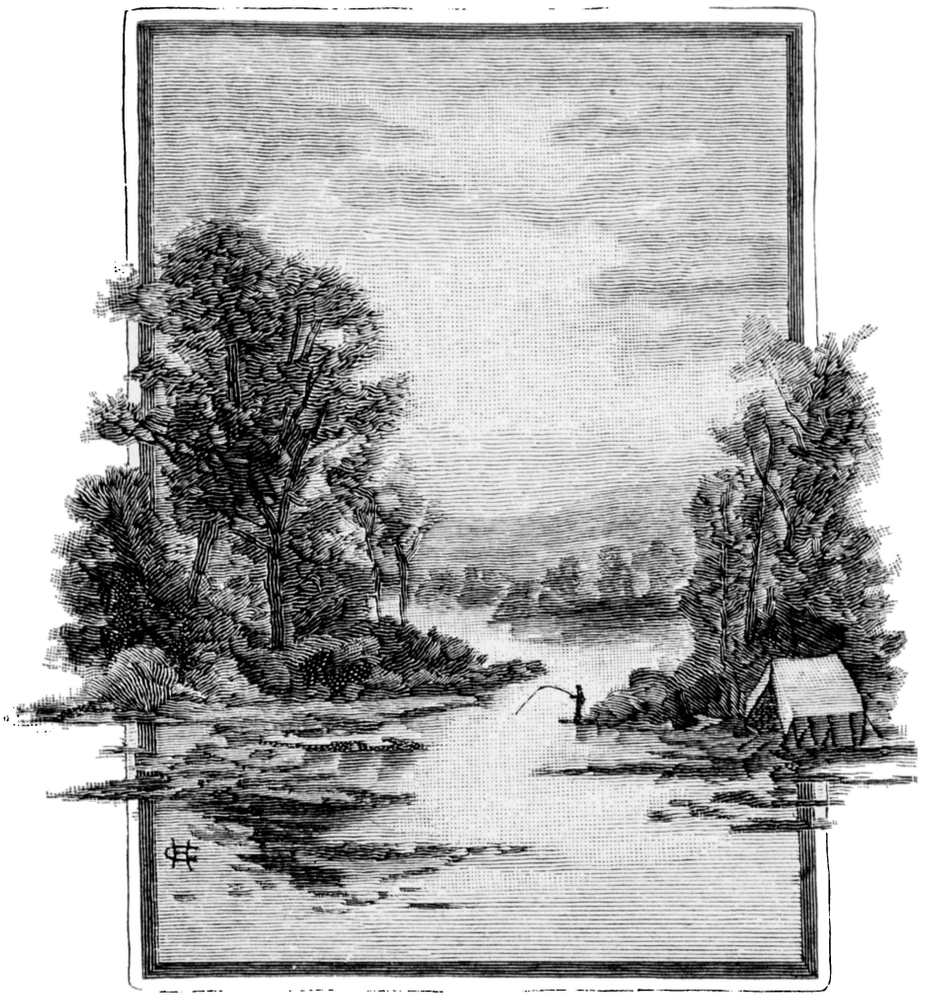
The art of angling is a gift, truly, the science an acquisition. With the gift one sometimes takes to the study of the science as a duty owing to the art. Again, the art affords so much pleasure to some of its possessors they become contented with it; they think the science can add but little to the already full measure of happiness they possess in the art.

The science of angling may be acquired at the end of a wharf in the busiest part of a busy city. A cane pole, a cotton line and worms for bait may serve as instruments to knowledge. The delicate bamboo, the silk line and exquisite fly may serve the same purpose. The possessor of the art may be compelled to the wharf and the cane pole and the

worms, while his aspirations lead him toward crystal streams, the songs of birds and the fragrance of wild flowers, in company with the pretty bamboo. There is a harmony in this combination aspired to, that science is often ignorant of. This is a combination that cannot condescend to exact measurements, that refuses to be ruled or squared or demonstrated, that is absolutely as free of scientific conventionalities as the breathing of the sweet fresh air. This combination is the aid to the art of angling; without it angling would not be an art, perfect, but a science merely — as the worthy deacon in the corner would say, "bless God" — for the art.

I do not wish to be considered as deprecating the science of angling; I stand in awe of it, the awe begotten of ignorance, but I do love the man who hath given me the tackle to harmonize with the art. The art must have been his, otherwise he would not have understood the means to the fuller gratification of the art. So, I love him for his gift, and that he had the industry to add to my happiness while adding to his own.

In the interest of science it may be essential to know, to a dead certainty, whether the specimen I have at the end of my line in the pool is *Salmo purpuratus* or *S. virginalis*, *Coregonus Williamsoni* or *C. Johnsoni*, or any other Italianized Scandinavian. But the knowledge to that dead certainty



would not add one grain to the enjoyment I am having. In such instance science would be superfluous. With the view, however, of tracing, for example, the origin of the noble Alexander, absolute precision may be necessary, but precision is not essential to enjoyment. For the benefit of science it may be necessary to know whether the remote ancestor of his excellency were a monkey or a tadpole, or both. I therefore, you see, recognize the value of science as having a tendency to show whence we came and whither we are going, and as there is such a science as the science of angling, I take off my hat to it along with the other sciences.

My notion of the art of angling, as it is the notion, I learn, of a great many, does not consist in knowing merely how to use fine tackle. This is only one of the ingredients that go to make up the total, or perhaps that tend to refine the art, if I may be permitted to suggest that so delightful an art is susceptible of qualification; or, rather, the art may not be cultivated, though one may cultivate himself in the art — it is thus better expressed.

The morning sun is up over the Range, the air is cool; I see that the blackbirds are beginning to gather in great flocks, and I start out an hour ahead of the team. The walking is good in more than one sense; I have had more or less of it for six

weeks, and know whereof I write. I am younger than a month ago, and can and do strike into a swinging gait through the straight avenue of pines leading up to the western slope of the Range. Many of the trees are dead now, but there is a new growth struggling for recognition, and a little way back, on either side, the fire ceased, so the bright green relieves somewhat the sorrowful-looking dead trunks. I can hear the melody of the stream at my left, and soon I come to Fraser City and in sight of the creek. Fraser City consists of a deserted log cabin gone to wreck.

Thence for a long way I have the tumbling crystal for company and have a chance to watch the water ousels hunting industriously for breakfast. There are mosses along the banks and a few late flowers; the raspberries have ripened and have been gathered by the birds and the wayfarers, so that only a chance berry is available, but I have had plenty and am contented with a farewell taste. A pool, a couple of feet deep, challenges my attention, and cautiously peering through the brush I find at the head of it a solitary trout, waiting for a fragmentary meal to float over the riffle in front of him. While I watch him he rises slowly to the surface, takes in something I cannot see, and then settles back quietly into his old position. I would help him to a tid-bit and succeed in capturing a late fly; this I drop overboard, he sees it, and a

little impatient at its slow approach he darts to meet it, then settles back again. You have no business lingering here, my black-spotted friend, you should be on your way down stream! Stepping through the brush I let him catch sight of me, and he darts away without so much as a thank you for what I had done in his behalf.

On up the road again, I put half a dozen miles between me and my starting point before I sit down upon a rock, refill my pipe, and wait for the wagon. Sitting here in the shade, busy with the pictures made by the sun's rays stealing through the pines, dreaming over the thin wreaths of fragrance drifting away on the still air, impressed with the sublime peacefulness, I am prepared to welcome a mother chipmunk, who, with a pair of nearly grown children, puts in an appearance, as if seeking an interview. She sits up a few yards away watching me, and the young ones follow suit. As I make no movement she concludes, evidently, that I am harmless, and skips toward me, the little ones following, until scarcely a dozen feet away. Then she stops and sits up again upon another rock and washes her face, while the youngsters, like a couple of puppies, wool each other, roll over, then up and at it again. The old lady pauses occasionally in her ablutions to satisfy herself, perhaps, that it is all in fun, then resumes her occupation with dignity and grace. One of

her progeny accidentally falls off the rock, the mother drops on all fours and looks down to ascertain the result; but no harm has come of it, and the little one is back again in a moment. In the next bout the pair go off the rock together; the mother evidently determines that ill feeling is imminent, so she jumps down and collars one of the babies, and, with a good shake, sets him to one side, while the other sits up at a respectful distance as if he were a stranger who had just dropped in to ask the time of day. I would as soon have thought of harming one of my own babies as any of this family of innocents. Yet within ten minutes I saw a young man coming down the road, he was astride a pony, and, as I'm a Christian, he had a mutilated chipmunk tied to his saddle! He had a small pony, with immense tapaderas that quite swept the ground with their long points, a macher over the saddle so ridiculously large that the pony reminded me of a boy in a man's overcoat. This young man had a clean face, save a something in imitation of a mustache and fawn-colored whiskers the size of one's finger. He had also buckskin trousers with fringe down the sides, a woolen shirt, and a sombrero that might serve him as an umbrella; his slender waist was incumbered with a cartridge belt; in this he had a knife about a foot long, and he carried in his hand a 22-caliber pistol! He bade me good morning

with an air of reckless bravado that belongs only to one hundred and ninety pounds of bad man, while he would weigh perhaps a hundred with his arsenal. It was a rude intrusion upon the art of angling.

I wonder at this young man. I always have been puzzled to understand the purpose of his creation, and fear I shall decease in that benighted condition. Angle worms, ants and bugs in general may be devoted to a use, but this young man is under the protection of the law; a human being might be hanged or imprisoned for killing him; the law even forbids his being cut up into bait. I have wondered, also, to what possible use he or any one could put the exaggerated littleness shining in his hand; the evidence of the abuse of it was hung at his saddle bow. I heard a man once tell one of this genus that if the latter ever shot him with a thing like that, and he (the man) found it out, he would give the shooter the "wôrst licking" he ever had in his life; the threat was as efficacious as a bullet from a Winchester. I have wondered, too, why the genus tourist comes into this country with revolvers of any kind; they are useless as against the animals, two or four-footed. They bring them in holsters, buckled up, I presume, to keep out the wet; the "Bad man from Bitter Creek" would empty his revolver and reload

while the other was feeling for the buckle. If the stranger had no arms and got into trouble, which he would hardly do without his seeking it, the chances are some other bad man, reluctant to miss an opportunity, would take the quarrel off his hands — I have known of such instances. I know also — and have not wondered — men who have passed many of the best years of their lives in this country, who never carried a revolver, and they have gone through scenes calculated to enliven the hair of these innocent bearers of unnecessary burdens. I have often thought I would mention this in pure charity, and as the young man broke in upon me in my pursuit of the art of angling, I deemed it a fit occasion.

But can I get back and finish my tour up the Range in the same mood in which I started out? I'm afraid not, so I will rest a little, and forget the unpleasantness by going away from the vicinity of it.

I received a letter while I sojourned in the wilderness; I received it by accident; it contained a postscript, of course, and the postscript ran as follows:

"You are hid away so that I believe no one on earth knows where you are or what you have been doing. I will, therefore, address this letter to you in care of Ute Bill, hoping he may find you."

This postscript calling for an answer, I gave it:

I am camping, Dido, camping,
On the Yampa's sedgy banks;
I am far from fashion's follies,
And the world of business cranks.

I have fought the gay mosquito,
I have missed the fleeing deer,
I have fallen into whirlpools,
That have made me chill and queer.

I have breathed the mystic sweetness
Of the azure courting hills,
I have quaffed the cold elixir
From these rippling mountain rills.

I have cast the gorgeous coachman,
And have wiled the wily trout;
I have munched his luscious carcass
And have warded off the gout.

I am camping, Dido, camping,
On the Yampa's crystal stream;
There is naught on earth to vex me,
And I'm free to smoke and dream.

But I've thought of thee, Oh Dido,
Thought, at morning, noon and night,
And between times, and at leisure,
As a vagrant lover might.

This evening, at the beginning of winter, the firelight shines cheerily and the wind outside is on a lark. She sits in the warm corner with a pile of stockings, all of them too small for her own use. I

notice a silver thread here and there about her temples, as she bends over the gaping evidences of youthful energy, and patiently weaves the long bright needle in and out. I fancy the silver threads are an improvement; they have crept in so slowly I can realize in them no evidence of change, except that I like them better than I did the plain brown.

"What are you dreaming about now?"

I cannot fathom the influence that prompted this inquiry; I only know it comes, as it always does, pat to the humor.

"I was thinking of the letter I wrote you from the Yampa."

To this there was something like a little curl of the lip in coldness, and the inquiry:

"Were you trying to put a trick on me?"

"Trick! no, certainly not—why did you think so?"

"I thought Dido meant a trick."

"Oh! Well, the Dido I referred to was a lady of Tyre."

"Of Tyre"—reflectively—"I never heard of her. What good did she do?"

"She loved her husband."

"Is that all?"

"All! No. She got the better of a *coterie* of real estate agents, and became rich. But did you not like the letter?"

"I suppose so. Which did you eat, the coachman or the trout?"

"Aren't you just a little hypercritical? I fancy there are some good lines in it — the 'azure courting hills,' for instance?"

"That sounds very like 'heaven kissing hills.'"

"There is no denying it; but I flattered myself the poetry was fair, as such verses go."

"Do you call it poetry?"

"You were wont to so dignify the like."

"But I am older now."

"I do not think so."

It was a very old-time glance she gave me as she said: "Then it is, and I like it."

The admission was somewhat lukewarm, after all, and I said:

"Here is something you may like better."

I drew out the old envelope confided to me by the Professor, and read what he entitled:

CROWN OF MIST.

The lace-like clouds were drifting,
  Were drifting all the day,
Till later shadows shifting
  Changed white to sober gray.

Their summits interlacing,
  Are bright with silvery sheen;
At base a darker tracing,
  With leaden hue between.

They came in groups and single,
  In weird and pretty form,
On rock-capped range to mingle
  And cheer the threat'ning storm.

But now while sunset lingers,
  Out from the lowering west,
A flash of silvery fingers
  Lights up the snowy crest.

The sombre hues quick changing
  From gray to gold and brown,
From black to crimson ranging,
  Now gem the billowy crown.

"That is pretty — who wrote it?"

"The Professor — see, this is his hand;" and I gave her the envelope.

"I like it very much."

"I will tell him so, and I know he will be gratified at your approval."

This man L B France who wrote this book attempts to be humorous. He is a weak imitator of others who have been more successful in that line. He is a failure, and his book is a fraud. In the hands of W. H. H. Murray or Dudley Warner the scenes which this tyro in literature attempts to describe would take on new light — the light which true culture gives to the grotesque or picturesque in nature or art.

C.